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Ludwig Straus.

OUR portrait this month will be welcomed by all students of the violin, and especially by those who attend the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts. In that renowned quartette, whose leaders are Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé, the presence of Herr Straus, the third member, is as unfailing and indispensable as that of Herr Ries and Sig. Piatti. The viola is indeed an eloquent instrument in Straus's hands, and many a lover of harmony watches and listens for its rich, sustaining tones, as brought out by him with unerring sympathy and ardent musical feeling. Straus is well known as a performer on both first and second violin. For many years he held the part of first violin in Hallé's band; but at St. James's Hall we associate him instinctively with viola.

Ludwig Straus was born in 1835, at Pressburg, and received his musical education at the Vienna Conservatoire, which he entered at eight years of age, and remained for five years, studying the violin under Böhm, and counterpoint under Preyer and Nettebohm. His first public appearance was in 1850, and during the next few years he played at private and public concerts in Vienna, especially at the reunions of Prince Czartoryski, where he played second violin to Mayseder for three years. His first concert tour was in 1855, but only extended to Venice and Florence; the second, two years later, in company with Piatti, included Germany and Sweden. In 1860 he settled at Frankfurt, where, for five years, he occupied the post of Concert-meister, and led the principal concerts in the neighbouring towns. He also visited England twice, and finally took up his abode in Manchester, as leader of Hallé's orchestra there. For some time past he has resided in London, frequently playing at the Popular Concerts, Crystal Palace, Philharmonic and other concerts. Straus is known throughout Great Britain as a skillful and conscientious artist, and as such appreciated by musicians wherever he performs. The portrait is taken from a photograph by kind permission of Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

Staccato.

THE latest in French musical papers, is a musical shirt, or rather cuffs. It is a Parisian invention, of course, and consists in having printed on one's cuff or shirt front various selections from various operas, and a man can be told at a glance if he loves Wagner or Bellini the most. He can also have the exquisite pleasure of humming the various "Leit Motive" of his favourite opera whenever his eye chances to fall on his linen.

A GOOD story, so says the *Pittsburg Bulletin*, is told at the expense of a noted Pittsburg musician. He was recently required to play the bassoon at a concert, and not having one of his own he borrowed one, and was making his way home by short cuts across farm lands with the instrument under his arm instead of in its case. He was suddenly confronted by an irate farmer, who said to him, "If you shoot on my land I'll have you arrested. Didn't you see the sign forbidding hunting on this farm as you came over the fence?" The farmer evidently thought the musician was on a hunting expedition armed with his grandfather's blunderbuss; but when the musician placed the instrument to his mouth to prove to him its harmless nature, he fled in abject terror.

SCENE in a conservatoire:

Professor to applicant for admission. "What have you studied?"

Pupil (sadly but firmly). "Nothing, I was too busy giving piano lessons."

Book Agent. "Here is that book, ma'am, *How to Play the Piano*."

Lady of the House. "What book? I didn't order any book."

"No'm, but the neighbours did, and they told me to bring it to you."

ACCORDING to the Vienna papers, two veterans still live in the Austrian capital who knew Beethoven. It is alleged that the poet Bauernfeld, who is now but a few months short of ninety, accompanied Franz Schubert, Franz Lachner, and the painter Moritz Schwind to the funeral of Beethoven. Greiner, a tavern-keeper at Mussdorf, near Vienna, is now ninety-three, and it was at his cabaret that Beethoven, during his country walks, frequently used to take a glass of wine. Moreover, it has perhaps fancifully been conjectured that it was in Greiner's garden that Beethoven heard the birds which suggested to him the famous movement in the Pastoral Symphony. Greiner himself does not think much of the composer of the Choral Symphony. On being interviewed recently by an enterprising Vienna journalist as to what he recollected about the musician, he is alleged to have replied, "What do you wish me to tell you? This Beethoven was one of those foolish musicasters, and that is all."

Friend (in the lobby after "Götterdämmerung"). "And how have you enjoyed Wagner this afternoon, Miss Arpeggio?"

Miss Arpeggio (an intense young woman, with fervour). "Oh, I feel that I am beginning to appreciate him. My head aches harder than usual to-day."

HERE is the latest illustration of the high development which the art of advertising has reached in America. We commend it to the notice of Mr. Harris, should he ever—the chance

is of course remote—find the attractions of Italian Opera failing. The scene is the office of a theatrical manager in the very far West; the speakers being the manager himself and the advance agent of a touring opera company:—

Manager. "Want dates for your company, eh? What's the show about?"

Advance Agent. "It's an opera company."

"Opera? Won't go, I'm afraid. What's your best piece?"

"We have drawn the largest houses with 'William Tell.'"

"I'm afraid it won't go here. Nobody would come."

"I think they would, if it were properly advertised."

"Well, I'll try it. Jack!"

Jack (an assistant). "Yes, sir."

"Rush over to the newspaper office, and tell 'em to announce that next week we're goin' to have a new and excitin' musical dramer called 'Bill, the Shooter.'"

THE *impresario* at Rueil has immortalized himself in the Continental newspapers. It appears that after four acts of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" had been performed, this gentleman, coming to the footlights, placed his hand on his heart and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we shall not finish the performance, as the last act of this opera is not worthy of Rossini."

SCENE: the greenroom of the Brooklyn Academy; a soprano, of Scandinavian origin, having her voice tried.

Enter gentleman of musical proclivities; to him says the accompanist: "I thought you told me that Miss Blank was a coloratura singer?"

Replied the G. O. M. P.: "No, she is a Norwegian."

Curtain.

THE WAGNER CRAZE.—He (in the "force"). "Where have your master and mistress gone to-night?"

She (cook in a gentleman's family). "To the theatre, where they are giving a play of Wagner's. Ach! he's a splendid fellow, that Wagner; I fairly dote on him!"

He. "How's that?"

She. "You see, his pieces are so long that our folks never get back from the theatre till after eleven."

THE favourites of musical fortune have to put up with a good deal. But the following document, which has recently been despatched to Mr. Sarasate, ought to be the last straw on the camel's back. The text is also remarkable for containing perhaps the longest sentence on record:—

"The constitutional Town Council of Pampluna send greeting to Senor Pablo Sarasate. Illustrious Senor, the Town Council over which I preside wish to show to you its gratitude for

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the repeated proofs of love and affection which you have always given so bounteously to your countrymen, the citizens of this capital; and, being desirous at the same time to perpetuate the glorious reputation which you have achieved by your wondrous genius and prodigious studies—for as an artist you have conquered the world and gained universal fame and done honour to the city of Pampeluna, which is proud to count you amongst her sons—it has been resolved in formal session held on the 18th of this month that one of the streets about to be laid out within our city shall bear your name. I have the honour to communicate this resolution to you, praying that you will give your consent to it, and trusting that you will favour us with a reply accepting this tribute. May God guard and protect you for many years.

"The Mayor of the City,

"The MARQUIS VESSOLLA.

"PAMPELUNA, Jan. 31, 1890."

THE anti-Wagnerites have a new ally in the person of a Brooklyn small boy, whose family are greatly addicted to the German opera. He improvised an orchestra the other day, consisting of a comb mouth organ, a well-rosined string knotted through a hole in a tin can, and a drum. There was suddenly a tremendous crash of musical instruments in the parlour, and the excruciating noise brought materfamilias to the head of the stairs, down which she shrilly demanded: "What on earth are you boys doing?" "Oh," responded the young hopeful, "we're playing 'Rheingold,' an' I'm Wotan, an' Charlie's Loge, an' Fred's some other god, and we're marchin' into Walhalla." The performance didn't get beyond the prelude.

MINISTER (to choirmaster): "The music went splendidly this morning."

Choirmaster: "Yes; I flatter myself it did."

Minister: "I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important work. There is no shirking in such singing as that."

Choirmaster: "Well, no; I should say not. You see, I told the choir last night an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices."

BURGLARY.—A thief was caught lately breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up an aria, and hit him with his stave. Several notes were found upon him.

FOND MAMMA: "Oh, uncle, you should see our darling baby when I play the piano! He just listens by the hour, and when I cease playing the nurse has to take him away, he cries so awfully."

Cynical Uncle: "Perhaps—aw—my dear, he—aw—weeps for—aw—joy!"

NOVELISTS find it hard to keep their pens from running in amongst the technicalities and facts of music, where they almost invariably come to grief. Some time ago a famous writer made one of his characters talk about "Mozart's Sonata in A sharp"; and now the author of *That Frenchman* describes the nervous system of his heroine as "at a constant unrelaxing tension, that makes it like the C string of a highly-tuned violin." Might not some of our musicians turn an honest penny by advertising themselves as correctors of musical allusions in current fiction?

Musical life in London.

MADAME BACKER GRÖNDAHL played at the Saturday Popular Concert, March 15. Her rendering of some short solos by Schumann, Chopin, and Mendelssohn were more or less satisfactory. But she always is heard to special advantage in Grieg's music, and in his Sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin (Op. 45) she displayed sympathy and refinement. She was ably supported by Madame Neruda. Mrs. Henschel sang songs by Handel and Grieg in her usual effective manner. The concert commenced with Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41, No. 1). Madame Gröndahl was again pianist on the following Monday, and gave a thoughtful rendering of Chopin's Fantasia in F minor. She was encored, and played Schumann's Nachtstück in F. On that evening the programme included a novelty—a pianoforte Quintet in B flat (Op. 5) by Sgambati. This composer, whose mother was English, was born at Rome in 1843. He attracted the notice of Liszt, with whom he studied for many years. He conducted a performance of his first Symphony at the Crystal Palace in 1882, and at the same concert played his pianoforte concerto. The quintet is a remarkably clever work, and bears traces of German rather than of Italian influence. The second movement of barcarolle character is pleasing, and the third is highly developed. Schubert's grand Quintet for strings in C (Op. 163) was magnificently interpreted by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Gibson, Whitehouse, and Piatti. Miss Liza Lehmann, always successful, sang songs by Greene and Somervell. M. de Greef, the Belgian pianist, made his debut on Saturday, March 22. A powerful reading of Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses secured for him an enthusiastic reception. He also took part in Beethoven's Trio in D (Op. 70, No. 1), entering thoroughly into the spirit of the music. On the following Monday he played Saint-Saëns' Variations on an air from Gluck's "Alceste." In this piece he had every opportunity of displaying his wonderful technique. His reading of Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor (Op. 31) was, in spite of good points, rather disappointing; it had, in fact, too much of the virtuoso element. In Beethoven's Sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3), for pianoforte and violin, in which he was associated with Dr. Joachim, he was, however, calm and conscientious.

Saturday afternoon, March 29, was devoted to Beethoven, and the programme included the "Storm" Quintet and the Serenade Trio. Mlle. Janotha played the "Moonlight" Sonata in her usual characteristic manner. The concert on the following Monday was the last of the season, and, as usual, Mr. Chappell provided an attractive programme, although, strange to say, there was no pianoforte solo. Miss A. Zimmermann and Miss F. Davies were the pianists, the one taking part in Schumann's Quintet, the other, with the valuable assistance of Sig. Piatti, in Rubinstein's Sonata in D for pianoforte and cello: both were at their best, and won marked approval. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist. The hall was crowded, and probably many among the audience went home regretting that for the next

"The greatest of all Pianofortes—the Steinway Pianofortes—London and New York."—ADV.

six months there would be no Popular Concerts. The Crystal Palace concert of March 15 was well attended, and for this there was a sufficient reason—Dr. Joachim was the violinist. Brahms' Double Concerto for violin and 'cello is not, perhaps, one of the composer's inspired works, but in the hands of two such artistes as Dr. Joachim and M. Ernest Gillet, full justice was done to it. The Bach Chaconne was much more to the taste of the audience. Haydn's fine Symphony in E flat (Salomon No. 10), and Tschaiakowsky's "Capriccio Italien," were included in the programme. Miss A. Whitacre was the vocalist. On the 22nd, Sir C. Hallé made his appearance, and there was a goodly gathering to hear the veteran pianist, who, before these lines are printed, will be on his way to Australia. He played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with his customary skill and precision, and was much applauded. He achieved success also in some short and familiar solos by Schubert and Mendelssohn. A concert-overture, "Im Frühling," by Goldmark, was heard for the first time here. It is a bright, melodious, and effectively scored composition. Mozart's "Linz Symphony," and Dr. MacKenzie's "La Belle Dame sans merci" Ballad for orchestra, were additional features of interest. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist.

On March 29 there was a sacred programme. Dr. Bridge's hymn for baritone and chorus, "Rock of Ages," composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1885, was carefully given under Mr. Manns' direction; the solo part was sung by Mr. Watkin Mills. This is a short but serious and impressive work. Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" was revived here after an interval of fourteen years. In spite of some fine numbers, notably the concluding "Hallelujah" Chorus, it does not rank among the master's grandest creations, and this will probably account for its comparative neglect. The solo parts were entrusted to Miss A. Marriott and Messrs. Piercy and Watkin Mills. The singing of the choir was, on the whole, good. There is room for improvement, but, as compared with a few seasons ago, there is marked progress. Macfarren's "St. John the Baptist" Overture and Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony completed the programme.

Mr. Frederic Lamond appeared on 5th April, and played Saint-Saëns' difficult Concerto in C minor (No. 4). At a pianoforte recital a few seasons ago he gave high promise, and that promise has been amply fulfilled. He has full command of the key-board, and plays, moreover, with taste and charm. He was well received, although the audience was by no means a large one. Mr. Lamond is also a composer, and his Symphony in A, given under Mr. Manns' able direction, is a work of which the young composer may be proud. The music is fresh and "healthy in tone," the workmanship skilful, and the scoring excellent. Mr. Lamond was called to the platform at the close, and loudly applauded. Miss Margaret Davies and Miss Grace-Damian were the vocalists.

The second Philharmonic concert took place at St. James's Hall on 27th March. The directors of this institution invited M. Pierre Benoit, of Flemish fame, to come over and conduct his orchestral selection from the music to the drama "Charlotte Corday." The composer enjoys considerable reputation in his own country, and his "Lucifer," given twice at the Albert Hall, is an earnest, if not altogether satisfactory work. But the "Charlotte Corday" music is inferior in quality, and not worthy of a Philharmonic audience. M. Benoit affirms "that he has carried the idea of incidental music to spoken drama much farther than the point reached by Beethoven in 'Egmont.'" It may

be so, but we fancy most musicians will prefer the nearer point reached by the great master. M. Benoit introduces the "Marseillaise," and the revolutionary song "Ça ira" produces, by skilful use of the orchestra, tricky and sensational effects; but the music *per se* is not interesting. The composer may say that it cannot fairly be judged apart from the drama, yet he is responsible for the form in which it was presented to the Philharmonic audience. At the close of the performance M. Benoit was received with respectable applause. M. Hubert, another Belgian composer, was present, and, under his direction, two songs were sung of his own by M. Blauwiert. The first, "Le Minnezanger," was the more attractive.

M. Ysaÿe, the violinist, whose appearances last season excited much attention, played Vieuxtemps' Concerto in D minor (No. 4), and it would require a long string of superlatives to do justice to the beauty and purity of his tone, to the brilliancy of his execution, and to the artistic interpretation of the music. He was received with enthusiasm, and, by way of encore, played a Paganini Caprice. The programme included Bennett's graceful "Naiades" Overture, Haydn's ever fresh "Reine de France" Symphony, and the "Meistersinger," all well rendered under the careful direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen.

Mr. Barnby gave a fine performance of "Israel in Egypt" at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday, 26th March. Setting aside Festival renderings of Handel's great work, it would be difficult to name any other Society capable of doing better justice to this masterpiece. The choruses were sung with great vigour and effect. The solos were taken by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. Iver M'Kay, who were all in good voice. The usual "Good Friday" performance of the "Messiah" by the same Society also deserves mention. The solemn music was interpreted with feeling and fervour. On both evenings the Albert Hall was well filled.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave her annual recital at Princes' Hall on 25th March. Her programme contained Beethoven's early Sonata in C (Op. 2, No. 3), and Chopin's "Funeral March" Sonata. The first was rendered with classical refinement, the second with romantic fire. Miss Zimmermann has seldom been in better play. A group of short solos by masters of the eighteenth century was much appreciated. An arietta by Leonardo Leo proved particularly quaint and graceful. The concert-giver also successfully exhibited her powers in pieces by modern writers—Rubinstein, Liszt, and others. The hall was well filled.

The whole of the Crystal Palace programme of April 12 was devoted to Wagner, and excerpts from his works were presented in chronological order from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," the Kaisermarsch serving as Postlude. There is no more instructive way of studying the development of genius: between the Alpha "Rienzi" and the Omega "Parsifal," the difference is perhaps greater than that between Beethoven's 1st and 9th Symphonies. It is not only a difference of degree, but of kind. Mr. Manns conducted with striking ability. The reading of the Siegfried-Idyll was particularly smooth and refined. Next to this we would place the "Lohengrin" Prelude, and the Introduction to the 3rd Act of "Die Meistersinger." Miss Füllunger sang the Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhäuser," and the death scene from "Tristan," with dramatic effect. Mr. Henschel was heard in the Wotan's Abschied, but to greater advantage in the Sack's monologue from 2nd Act of the opera. There was a fairly large and enthusiastic audience.

Carl Rosa Opera Company.

It cannot be said that we are overdosed with opera in London, and the advent therefore of the Carl Rosa Company, after an absence of two years, is a welcome event.

The season opened at Drury Lane on the Saturday following Good Friday, and the theatre was crowded in every part. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was given for the first time in the metropolis in English. The Shakespearian story, no doubt, has something to do with the success of the work; for in spite of much pleasing music, it can scarcely rank as the composer's masterpiece. Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan was the heroine, and her fresh agreeable voice, combined with good acting, secured for her a good reception. Mr. Barton M'Guckin was the Romeo; his stage deportment was excellent, but in the matter of voice he left something to desire. Signor Abramoff (the Friar), Mr. J. Child (Tybalt), and Mr. F. H. Celli (Mercutio) sustained their parts with credit. Mr. Goosens conducted, and deserves the utmost praise for his tact and quiet control.

A performance of "The Bohemian Girl" on Bank Holiday afternoon drew a crowded audience. This opera still retains its popularity, whatever advanced musicians may say about its being old-fashioned. Miss Fanny Moody's assumption of the part of the heroine was admirable. Encores were the rule rather than the exception. M. Jacquinet conducted.

The performance of "Carmen" in the evening was specially noticeable for the brilliant singing and characteristic acting of Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan. It was in this rôle that she achieved her first success in London, when she was engaged at Covent Garden by Mr. Harris. There is something inexpressibly fresh and piquant about her manner, and while she is always attracting notice by look or gesture, there is no trace of exaggeration. She was admirably supported by Mr. Barton M'Guckin, who, in the part of Don José, achieved a brilliant success: it would be difficult to conceive a more effective impersonation of the unfortunate brigadier. Mr. Leslie Crotty looked well as the Toreador. We have as yet not mentioned the chorus, but it is not because it is unworthy of notice. In all the operas it has been heard to great advantage.

"Faust" was the opera on the Tuesday evening. The chief thing to notice in this performance was the natural, clever, and for the most part effective acting and singing of Miss Georgina Burns as Marguerite. The charming opera of "Mignon" on the Thursday was a success. Miss Fanny Moody in the title-rôle played with much grace and naïveté. As to her brilliant vocalization, it must suffice to note that she had to repeat a verse of "Knowest thou the land," and that the "Styrienne" was much applauded. Miss Fabris as Filina deserves commendation.

On Saturday, April 12, Vincent Wallace's "Lurline" was presented. It was produced at Covent Garden in 1860 by the Pyne-Harrison Company: since that time public opinion has changed, and although the tuneful ballads and light choral strains were received on this occasion with enthusiasm, one could scarcely expect that enthusiasm to be of long standing. As a revival, it was a novelty, and, moreover, it was well interpreted and effectively put upon the stage. Miss Burns was the Lurline, and made the most of her part. Miss Grace Digby made

a promising début as Ghiva. Mr. Durward Lely looked well, and sang artistically as Rudolph. Chorus and orchestra were excellent.

The production of Mr. F. H. Cowen's new opera "Thorgrim," on April 22nd, is looked forward to with eagerness. It is at present in active rehearsal, and report speaks well of it.

At the Concert.

Yes, I s'pose it's real music—it's a mighty heap of sound,
With the treble way up yonder an' the bass down underground,
With the demi-semiquavers an' the tinklin' of the keys,
An' a fuss like wind a-rearin' through the branches o' the trees.
An' ye say that Wagner wrote it, an' ter hear it is a boon?
But, somehow, the feller never seems ter overtake the chune,
Though his fingers run like lightnin' an' he twists upon his stool,
An' ruffles up his ha'r until he looks a orful fool;
An' somehow I miss the feelin' that I allers uster feel,
That was sweet until it hurt me f'om mer head down ter mer heel,—
That 'ud make mer eyes git misty an' mer mouth ter twitch an' smile,—
When I listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary wv Argyle."

Why, ter hear Mirandy playin' was ter see the water run
Like a streak o' shinin' silver jes a sparklin' in the sun,
An' up above the medder ye could hear a thousan' birds
A-singin' jes as easy as ye hear me talk these words;
Ye could fa'rly smell the early blooms upon the apple trees,
An' ye owned a fine plantation an' much money as ye please.
Lord, how ye loved yer neighbour, an' never wisht no harm
Ter him about the lavin' 'cause his fence run on yer farm;
An' the milk o' human kindness kep' a-flowin' far an' free,
An' ewe'ythin' about the world was like it ought ter be,
Tell ye kinder seemed in heaven, peart an' happy, all the while
That ye listened ter Mirandy playin' "Mary wv Argyle."

Well, I s'pose I am ole-fashioned, an' it would n' hardly do
Fer him ter play the music that I useter cotton to.
These town-folks would n' keer ter hear about the "hunter's horn,"
Nor 'bout the mavis singin' out "his love-song ter the morn";
So I'll set an' listen quiet while the feller bangs away,
An' I'll 'low that his pianner beats a injine any day;
But it ain't mer style o' music—an' with all mer due respect
Ye can say ter Mister Wagner, when ye chance ter see him nex',
That the loudes' fuss ain't allers what is certain sho' ter please,
Nor the bes' musicianer the one that tries to bust the keys.
An' though I have no doubt but he's a social sort o' man,
I would n' walk a squar' ter hear the bes' thing f'om his han';
But oh, if she was livin' yet, I'd foot it forty mile,
Jes ter listen ter Mirandy playin' "Mary wv Argyle."

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON,

The Century.

Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT
MUSICAL.)

CHAPTER VI.

WE reached Cologne in safety. Peacocke had no more fits of romanticism for sleeping in woods with a gipsy camp, but my life was made miserable through the way in which he worried me over the loss of his immortal "Strad." I am one of those people who take life philosophically; when I lose a thing I try and forget as quickly as possible I have lost it; but Peacocke as time went on seemed to hug the loss closer and closer to him. I had to listen to endless meanderings. Once he informed me the lost violin was his soul; another time that it was the very vital part of his heart; whilst another time he gravely assured me that even although I might sneer, the violin was more to him than any woman was, or ever could be, and its loss a greater blow than the death of any of his relatives.

I offered to go into mourning, and wear the deepest of crape bands, but he indignantly reproached me for jesting on so serious a subject.

However, we reached Cologne, and how hot and smelling it was; in fact, so bad was the smell there, that Peacocke and I rushed off to the famous *dépôt* of the true *eau de Cologne*, opposite the cathedral, and after providing ourselves with an ample supply and a squirt we felt equal to penetrating into the more populated quarters of the town. Of course it did look rather idiotic for us two big fellows to go parading the streets every other few minutes sending out a spray of perfume on the air; but then one could see at a glance we were Englishmen, thank heaven! and abroad the English are allowed any latitude, and it was for our comfort even a necessity. Peacocke christened the squirt "cholera preventive," and so we got along well.

We had been in Cologne before, so that there was nothing very new for us, but the festival was a splendid one; and as we heard, the beloved of the ladies there, Carl Meyer, was going over the following season to London, Peacocke and I couldn't help picturing to ourselves the dire havoc that would be wrought amongst musical maidens at home.

The festival being over, the question was, where were we to go for the month intervening between it and the opening of the Hamburg season under Bülow?

We consulted friends, and at length found ourselves off to an obscure bathing-place named Hofheim. Hofheim was only some miles distant from Cologne, in the heart of the Rhine mountains; it was very romantic, quiet, absurdly cheap, and in its way quite idyllic.

Peacocke and I took lodgings in a queer little gabled house with roses and woodbine coming in at the windows, and no end of pretty *Frauleins* for fellow-lodgers.

I began to fear pianos; but, strange to say, not one of the *Frauleins* played; and Peacocke was beginning to deplore the want of music one night, when we chanced to knock up against an old Frankfurt friend who introduced us into musical circles, telling us with his Conservatorium air of contempt, that they were only ordinary people who played a little. When he said that I got a fright; the "Maiden's Prayer," "Battle of Prague," and "Home, sweet Home," adorned by Thalberg, came into my head; but

soon I was agreeably surprised, for I found the young ladies of this set played small pieces of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, with Hiller and Heller cast in; so that altogether we had many enjoyable evenings, especially as we found ourselves pitchforked right into the midst of learned professors, who could talk and did. 'Tis true they drank beer literally by the gallon, but all the same it was a pleasure to help them to do that, whilst we held conversations on all subjects; Peacocke, of course, leaving us out in the gardens to do so whilst he and the pretty *Frauleins* were making music in the tiny *salon* within.

Life passed easily and placidly; and from this Arcadia we were launched on the full tide of musical life in Hamburg early in autumn.

Of course on arrival we immediately started off to pay our respects to the great Hans, and arriving at his hotel we found the great doctor himself descending the staircase speaking excitedly.

Peacocke and I immediately took off our hats and bowed, but Bülow, after literally looking through us, passed on without noticing us or our bow.

Naturally we looked at one another thunder-struck, but at that moment Madame Von Bülow came up, and apologizing for her husband, told us he was so worried with the orchestra in the Opera House that he saw nobody and recognised no one.

We were very much disappointed, for we had been reckoning on the meeting for weeks, but we had only to swallow it all and return home.

Late the same evening, without word or comment, two stall tickets for a month of the Opera were sent to our hotel, an envelope bearing the stamp of the hotel where Bülow was staying; so we drew our own conclusions.

Peacocke was so touched with this attention that he vowed the world was a lying one to speak of Bülow and his testiness as it did, and so in this frame of mind we went down to the restaurant to eat our supper. Bülow somehow was in the air, and at one of the tables comment was being made on the nasty way in which he had been criticised.

This then accounted for his strangeness of the morning; and as report gave out that the scenes in the Opera House during rehearsal time were something uproarious, Peacocke and I determined to get up early in the morning and take a run down to the Opera House and see if we might enter.

A word now about entering opera houses for the uninitiated, but my readers must remember I am referring to opera houses in Germany, or even elsewhere on the Continent.

About ten o'clock one sees side doors placidly lying open, that is when there is a rehearsal, and as abroad our monstrous thousand-night running of a play is unknown,—after all, few cities can boast five millions of people,—rehearsals are daily institutions abroad; for shortness, however, I will relate how Peacocke and I got into the Hamburg Opera House.

We entered one of the side doors after we had seen a well-known singer go by it, and at once found ourselves in a sort of a tenement house, and even a bad tenement house; we climbed some stairs, in fact, various sets of stairs, and had some pretty adventures. Once we had the temerity to hazard opening a door, when we got a glimpse of the ballet nymphs in the act of robing or rather disrobing themselves. Of course we lost our way no end of times, till we found ourselves at last in the *foyer*. Here a gorgeously dressed official came up to us and remarked that the public were not allowed to enter for rehearsals, by von Bülow's strict orders.

Peacocke drew himself up, murmured something about the Intendant,—this personage is the prime minister, the Bismark, let us say, of theatrical affairs belonging to his own theatre.

This time, however, the gorgeous official shook his head. Bülow had usurped the Intendant's place. Peacocke, however, was no way nonplussed. In that way Peacocke is a gem. I never came across a jollier travelling companion in all emergencies; so that although I was expecting our journey into the blackness of theatrical wildernesses was all for nothing, Peacocke, with a *sang-froid* that was remarkable, said quietly, "I am a newspaper correspondent."

"Oh," said the official with a comical air; then he turned his back on us and sat down to continue reading his newspaper, whilst we made straight for the boxes, and after the slight inconvenience of tumbling over the bosses and chairs,—everything was pitch dark,—we took our seats.

The stage was lighted only by the footlights, and two or three lanterns placed in the side scenes, so that it presented a most melancholy appearance; then, too, the actors were in everyday costumes, and the scenery was not at all arranged.

Bülow was in one of his wildest devil's tempers. Scorn and fury and biting sarcasms rolled off his tongue with lightning speed. The opera was "*Meistersinger*," and Bülow was arguing with Hans Sachs as we entered.

At first the singer took it good-humouredly, expostulating with Bülow, even joking, but after eight times repeating some three bars, Bülow's temper had become a rage, and the singer relapsed into sulky silence.

For some few minutes Bülow then made one of his speeches, the essence of which was, that one of the greatest puzzles to him during his entire lifetime, was why incompetent men chose music as a profession? they worried themselves, they worried others, and the only conclusion he could come to was that it was a devilish conspiracy to set conductors mad.

Of course, all is in the way a thing is said, and one should hear what Bülow's way was. Big fellow as I am, and callous and indifferent to every sort and condition of men, still I blessed my stars I was far away in the misty darkness behind the great doctor, not before him on the boards, with those piercing eyes of his bent on me. Even Peacocke was awed as he said in a whisper to me,—

"What a d—d wax he is in!"

Peacocke I verily believe not having used that expression since our Eton days, when a dignified dean with an awful eye, that positively could see round corners, and an arm for switching that left a fellow doubled up for days, kept us youthful promises in order.

"*Meistersinger*" is an opera I know by heart, but I lost my place completely in it; and, strangely enough too, I lost this opera from my memory ever afterwards, owing to the way in which Bülow kept repeating, repeating, and still repeating. Hans Sachs having been wounded and left dead, Bülow then turned his attention to the orchestra, and as he commenced to rehearse with them, growls and grunts and forced coughs indicated the insubordination there.

Bülow eventually fell foul of the trombone; over and over again, accompanied by various congratulatory expressions from Bülow, the unfortunate trombone man had to play. Since, I have always been wondering, do trombones ever practise? somehow I don't think so, for anything more hideous or more meaningless than the melancholy notes, like sighs from a

dying pig, that echoed out on the stillness, I have never heard.

All this time a distinguished individual kept hovering around the first seats in what we would call the pit-stalls, getting visibly nervous and more nervous as the wordy war with the trombone-player became more intense. At length, Bülow, in one of his most aggravating intonations of voice, leant forward and begged the first violin to play the passage in order to show the trombone how it should be done. Either through stupidity or devilment, the first time the first violin essayed it, he played it note for note as the trombone had done. Bülow fell on him like a wild bull; then the first violin stood up and laconically announced that perhaps the violoncello could show him, whereby he might show the trombone how it was done.

Bülow brought his baton down shortly on the conductor's desk; the orchestra rose to a man and guffawed with studied insult, and the individual who had been hovering about,—I heard afterwards he was Pollini, the manager of the theatre,—jumped up behind Bülow, and in an expostulating tone of voice desired the orchestra to retire for an half-hour pause, when Dr. von Bülow would require them.

The orchestra in silence retired, so did the manager; and Bülow, sitting down on the steps of his conductor's seat, leant his head in his hands dejectedly.

Poor musicians, how I pitied them then, and how I pitied Bülow especially!

After a short time a bell rang, and all returned; Bülow got up into the conductor's seat, and the opera recommenced, this time from beginning to end. Bülow made absolutely no comment.

At the close he stood.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are satisfied now, I suppose; you have played like pigs, you have understood the music with pig intelligence, and you can play like pigs to-morrow if you will."

Then he got down and went out a little excitedly.

After this morning's work, Peacocke and I avoided encountering Bülow, and it was with a queer sensation of depression we ate our dinner. We had been having a side glimpse into the griefs of the musical profession.

With Bülow it was not testiness or bad temper, it was simply nerves, and his unhappiness was genuine; with the orchestra it was not inability, but misunderstanding. Altogether I could well comprehend Bülow's disheartenment, and I could realize what it costs a man to be Bülow to the world.

As Peacocke said, "Better be a brainless ass than a tortured lion!"

After dinner and our *siesta*,—we had become quite German in the latter,—Peacocke and I set out for a stroll. Not knowing Hamburg, we took the streets as they came, and as the afternoon was a lovely one,—how clean and charming Hamburg is!—and the crowds in the streets quite fashionable, with lots of pretty girls sandwiched between stern mammas and watchful duennas, we began to revive in our spirits.

"Alexander," at length cried Peacocke excitedly, "look there, here comes Bülow with—with—a—a person!"

I got quite a start. Bless my soul! could it be the German Kaiser, or was it something awful? Peacocke's face was a study.

I looked and saw Bülow, I also saw "the person"—a motherly old soul dressed like a nurse.

"Who can it be?" asked Peacocke, mystified. At that moment Bülow came up and greeted us cordially, whilst we all stood.

A few moments of questions and answers,

then Bülow's quick eye detected our examining his companion.

"Well, you are only out for a walk, so come along with me; I am acting cicerone for one, so can act it for three; I am showing Hamburg to my cook."

"Your what?" shrieked Peacocke involuntarily.

"My cook; the poor woman is a stranger here, so I take her out to walk every evening."

We looked at each other for a moment and smiled, then the cook fell to Peacocke's lot, and I got Bülow for the remainder of our walk.

(To be continued.)

Richter Concerts.

It will be seen from the following scheme of works, to be brought before the patrons of the Richter Concerts during the ensuing season, that the same comprehensive and eclectic policy which has been followed in former years will again be fully maintained. While a due preponderance will be given to the masterpieces of those two great giants of the nineteenth century—Beethoven and Wagner—the claims of other composers will not be overlooked. Nevertheless, in accordance with the demands of the present period, consequent upon the non-existence of German Opera in London, a still greater prominence even than that which has hitherto obtained, will be accorded to the works of Wagner.

It has often been stated that the *répertoire* of Wagner's concert-works is a very limited one. In a certain sense this is true enough, but it is a conclusion which has been drawn from what he actually wrote for concert-use, and from what has already been heard in the concert-room, rather than from what *might* find a place there. With the necessary means at hand, the lists of excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas, suitable for performance in the concert-room, might be extended to an almost unlimited degree. In the present instance Dr. Richter has enriched the list by eight important pieces—viz. the Second Scene from Act I. of "Tannhäuser"; the Fourth Scene from Act II. of "Die Walküre"; the First Scene and the grand Duet between Brünnhilde and Siegfried from Act III. of "Siegfried"; the Duet for Hagen and Gunther (with chorus of men's voices) from Act II. and the First Scene from Act III. of "Götterdämmerung"; the Duet between Eva and Hans Sachs from Act II. of "Die Meistersinger"; and the Overture to "Die Feen." These are not merely short excerpts, but complete and important scenes.

One programme in the course of the season will be devoted exclusively to works by Beethoven; another to works by Wagner. In addition to this, as was the case last season, the concert of June 30 will be given in conjunction with the Wagner Society, when the programme will again consist exclusively of works by Wagner.

The following works will be given during the season:—

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| Bach | Triple Concerto, for Flute, Violin, Pianoforte, and Orchestra. |
| Beethoven | Overture, "Egmont." |
| | Symphony, No. 5, in C minor. |
| | Symphony, No. 7, in A. |
| | Symphony, No. 9 (Choral). |
| Berlioz | Overture, "Carnaval Romain." |
| Brahms | Rhapsody (Fragment from Goethe's "Hartzeise im Winter"), for |

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| | Alto Solo, Male Chorus, and Orchestra. |
| | Symphony, No. 4, in E minor. |
| | Overture, "The Tragic." |
| Dvorák | Symphony (New). |
| Goldmark | Overture, "Im Frühling." |
| Liszt | Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 3. |
| | Symphony, "Dante." |
| | Symphony. |
| Mozart | Overture, "Ruy Blas." |
| Mendelssohn | Ballet Music, from "Femors." |
| Rubinstein | Selection from "Manfred" (with Chorus). |
| Schumann | Symphony, No. 2, in C. |
| Schubert | Symphony, in B minor (Unfinished). |
| Waddington | Overture (New), First Performance. |
| Wagner | Love Duet from "Die Walküre." |
| | Overture, "Rienzi." |
| | Senta's Ballade, from "Der Fliegende Holländer." |
| | Lohengrin's Farewell. |
| | Vorspiel und Liebestod, from "Tristan und Isolde." |
| | Introduction to Act III., "Preislied." |
| | Pogner's Address and Closing Scene from "Die Meistersinger." |
| | Kaisermarsch, Siegfried Idyll, and Selection from "Der Ring des Nibelungen." |
| | Selection from "Parsifal." |
| | Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger." |
| | Hans Sachs' Monologue from "Die Meistersinger," "Was duftet doch der Flieder," and "Wahn! Wahn!" |
| | Hagen's Wacht, from "Götterdämmerung." |
| | Siegfried's Tod und Trauermarsch. |
| | Overture and New Venusberg Music, from "Tannhäuser." |
| | Walkürenritt, from "Die Walküre." |
| | Closing Scene from "Das Rheingold." |
| | First Scene from Act III. of "Götterdämmerung." |
| | Third Scene from Act III. of "Die Walküre." |

And for the first time at these Concerts:—

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| | Second Scene from Act I. of "Tannhäuser." |
| | Overture, "Die Feen." |
| | Fourth Scene from Act II. of "Die Walküre." |
| | First Scene from Act III. of "Siegfried." |
| | Chor der Mannen (Hagen and Gunther), from Act II. of "Götterdämmerung." |
| | Duet (Brünnhilde and Siegfried), from Act III. of "Siegfried." |
| | Duet (Eva and Hans Sachs), from Act II. of "Die Meistersinger." |
| Weber | Overture, "Oberon." |

MR. C. LEE WILLIAMS, Mus. Bac., organist of Gloucester Cathedral, is engaged in continuing Lyson and Amott's *History of the Three Choirs Festival*, which will be brought up to date from 1860. This interesting work will be published about October.

AN elderly clergyman, whose sight necessitated the use of spectacles, was officiating at a church where the service is choral; he could not intone, so he read his part, and as the pitch of his speaking voice was about *middle C*, the organist gave out a note as near to it as he could for the choir to respond. On observing to the reverend gentleman in the vestry after service that he read on *C sharp*, he exclaimed, "What! see sharp? Of course I do, my glasses are excellent ones; without them I can read nothing." The organist added that sometimes he read on *C natural*. "Ay, ay, that's when I haven't my glasses, I should naturally do so," was the reply.

Haydn's Symphonies.

ACCORDING to the catalogue drawn up by the composer in his seventy-third year, the number of symphonies written by him amounted to 119. C. F. Pohl, Haydn's well-known biographer, has clearly shown that this number is only an approximate one. In at least one case the same work was counted twice because the movements of the symphony were written out or printed in different order. Besides, many were omitted by Haydn. He seems, indeed, to have been at times in doubt as to the genuineness of some symphonies which bore his name. Many were originally produced, not because he felt specially inspired to write, but because the Prince Esterhazy wanted to hear something new. The composer's skilful and well-practised pen could rapidly fill sheets with music agreeable and clear in construction, but not music of so distinctive a character as to be easily recog-

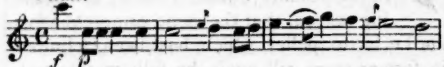
pieces of Italian and Dutch artists, its valuable library, its playhouse, its Marionette theatre, and its pleasure gardens, and longed to see the place. In September 1773 she paid a visit to the prince, and remained several days. There were festivities of all kinds, and amongst them a concert under the direction of Haydn, who since 1760 had been the prince's Capellmeister. One of the pieces performed was a symphony in C major, commencing—

Allegretto.



It is one of his best works, and from the circumstance just mentioned became known as the "Maria-Theresa" Symphony. Another symphony (No. 55) in B flat is called "La Reine," and is supposed to have been a favourite with the empress. In 1783 Haydn wrote to his publisher Artaria about a pianoforte arrangement of a symphony in C, the beginning of which bears some resemblance to the one quoted above—

Vivace.



missioned by the prince to write music representing the four times of day, and that he did so in quartet form. Of these nothing appears to be known; but there are three symphonies entitled respectively, "Le Matin," "Le Midi," and "Le Soir." Pohl fancies these may in some way be connected with the quartets. They have been named in their natural order, but "Le Midi" was composed first (1761). It was indeed the second symphony which he wrote, and the first after he had entered the service of Prince Esterhazy. His first attempt in this department of musical art was made in the year 1759. As second Capellmeister to Count Morzin he produced a symphony in D, a work in three movements, the whole of which, in performance, lasted barely ten minutes. It began and ended with a Presto, the former containing 86, the latter 81 bars. "Le Midi" was of far greater extent and importance. After a short introduction somewhat in Handelian style, came a vigorous Allegro—



Then followed a dramatic Recitativo, of great beauty and deep feeling. After that came an



THE "FAREWELL" SYMPHONY.

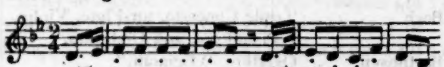
nisable after a lapse of thirty or forty years. The number 119, then, merely expresses a large number. In mentioning a Beethoven Symphony, it is sufficient to name its key, or its ordinal or opus number. With Haydn such means of identification are impossible. Of the 63 symphonies composed between the years 1767-1791, there are no less than 12 (nearly a fifth) in C major, 7 in E flat major, and 7 in B flat major. Even in the 12 London Symphonies there are 2 in G, 2 in D, 2 in E flat, 2 in B flat, and 2 beginning in D minor. The key, therefore, gives but a vague determination. To speak of Haydn's 78, 94th, or 102nd Symphony would be puzzling. Again, the "opus" method is impracticable—only a few are thus marked. In Bombet's *Life of Haydn* the author says: "I wish the names of Haydn's symphonies had been retained." Fortunately a great many of these names have been retained, but apparently not all.

Of these titled symphonies let us say something.

One (Pohl, *Thematic Catalogue*, No. 18) bears the name of "Maria-Theresa," the celebrated Empress of Germany. She had often heard of Esterhazy, with its wonderful palace of 162 rooms, its picture gallery containing master-

He thought the last movement impracticable for the pianoforte, and adds: "I do not see the necessity of printing it—the word *Loudon* will help to sell it more than ten Finales." Loudon (sometimes written Laudon) was a famous Austrian general who had defeated Frederick I. of Prussia in several engagements. Haydn's letter shows that in 1783 his name was in everybody's mouth. Whether his name was given to the work by the composer or by the publisher is not known. It actually appeared with only three movements, but the Finale is included in an English edition of the year 1784 by Tindal.

There are two symphonies, one entitled "The Philosopher," the other "The Schoolmaster;" but the origin of these names has not been handed down to us. Pohl supposes that the latter acquired its title from the measured gait of the Adagio.



Haydn's tone-pictures in the "Creation" and "The Seasons" might lead one to imagine that he made similar attempts in the department of the symphony. Dies in his *Biographical Notices* says that the composer was com-



THE "TOY" SYMPHONY.

Adagio, a Menuetto and Trio, and a Finale. The first and second movements were played at the Crystal Palace in 1885, and in the programme-book Sir G. Grove wrote: "This symphony is really the opening of that great epoch of instrumental music which distinguishes the last half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries."

The other two are not of special importance. "Le Soir" is called a "Concertino," and the last movement bears the inscription "La Tempesta."

The various movements of some of Haydn's symphonies were played between the acts at the performances in the opera-house at Esterhazy. A tragedy named "Die Feuersbrunst" was given there in 1774, and the music used on that occasion was afterwards known as the "Fire" Symphony. Two years later a piece was performed entitled "Der Zerstreute," whence Haydn's work given in connection with it received the name of "Il Distrato." Whether or not the music was written specially for the play we cannot positively say. The last movement would, however, lead one to suppose that such was the case; otherwise the humour contained in it is hard to understand.

Here is the description of it as given

Pohl:—"Extraordinary is the last movement—it begins in minor, then passes to major. An Adagio in F, 2-4 time, then follows, in which suddenly all the instruments give a signal-call; and this lasts during five bars. Then follow four bars Allegro leading to a Prestissimo in C major, and soon begin some knavish tricks. After sixteen bars come two bars' general pause, and then the open strings *e, a* of the violins sound alone for two bars; again, after two bars, the strings *a, d*, and soon after, during four bars, the strings *d, f* (the *g* string tuned down to *f*); then for three bars the strings *d, g*, after which the movement comes speedily to an end."

According to another account, the lowered string *f* is screwed up gradually through the four bars, so as to bring it in tune at the fifth bar.

This running down of the 4th string recalls another symphony in F (No. 38). In the Trio of the Menuet only first and second violins are employed. The former only play on the *e* string, and in a high position; the second violins have a kind of bagpipe accompaniment on their 3rd and 4th strings (the latter tuned down to F). Here is the commencement of this curious movement:—



There is another curiosity in the Adagio of this symphony. In one passage the strings are directed to play with reversed bow ("col legno dell' arco").

Haydn was not lacking in humour. Three of his symphonies display this quality in a high degree. One of these is the famous "Farewell" Symphony. There are several versions of the story connected with it, so we will give the genuine one as related by Pohl. On account of limited space, Prince Esterházy issued an order in 1772 forbidding the wives and children of those of the musicians who were married ever to remain at Esterházy twenty-four hours, with exception of Capellmeister Haydn, the first violinist Tomasini, and two singers. The musicians were allowed to visit their families when the prince was absent from Esterházy; but in the year mentioned he showed no sign of taking a holiday. The husbands complained to Haydn. His answer was to invite them to the rehearsal of a new symphony in presence of the prince. At a certain moment in the Finale, second horn player and first oboist find "Go off" written on their parts. They pack up their instruments and depart. In like manner, bassoon player, first horn player and second oboist, cellist, double bass player, third and fourth violinists, and tenor player disappear one by one, blowing out their desk lights. The violins then escape. The music has been going on all the while. At last Haydn is about to follow his men, when the prince rises, holds out his hand and says: "I understand: the musicians are longing to go to their homes. Well, to-morrow we pack up."

This version, which we have given in somewhat abbreviated form, agrees perfectly with

the number of members in the band at that time, and with the score itself. This symphony is sometimes named the "Candle Overture."

Another humorous work is the "Toy" Symphony. Haydn once visited a fair, saw a lot of children playing on small musical toys. He bought them, and wrote a symphony in which these were introduced. He gravely handed the parts and instruments to his band, who could scarcely get through the music for laughing.

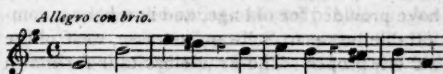
The third is the famous "Surprise" (London) Symphony, No. 4. In the slow movement in the middle of a soft passage occurs an explosion of the drums. Haydn, one day when he had just finished writing this piece, played it over to an old friend who came to see him. When he came to the passage, he turned round to him and said, "Dat be sure to make de ladies jump."



Some of the composer's symphonies, however, have associations of a different kind. Very remarkable is a fact related about one in D major, beginning,—



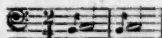
Haydn once directed a performance of it in London, and in his diary there is a note to this effect. A clergyman who was present fell into deep melancholy, because he had heard the Andante the night before in a dream, and felt that it announced death. He at once left the hall, and took to his bed. "To-day, April 25, 1791," adds Haydn, "I learnt from Mr. Barthelmon (an English composer and violinist) that this evangelical priest was dead." When on the subject of death, mention may be made of the fine Symphony in E minor, commencing,—



the slow movement of which was performed at an In Memoriam Service of the composer held at Berlin, September 1809. There are still a few other symphonies with titles about which we will, in conclusion, say a word or two.

For the "Concerts de la Loge Olympique" in Paris, Haydn wrote six—the so-called "Parisian" Symphonies. Of these (written in 1786, and, at the least, considered equal in merit to the better-known London Symphonies)

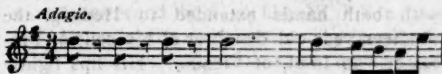
three have names. One, as mentioned above, is called "La Reine," another "La Poule," and a third "L'Ours," from the growling bass in the Finale:—



The "Lamentatio" Symphony in D minor derives its name from the slow movement which has for principal theme the ecclesiastical melody "Lamentatio Jeremie," sung in Catholic churches during Holy Week. It commences thus:—



The symphony performed at Oxford in 1791 when Haydn had the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon him, is, of course, spoken of as the "Oxford." It is in G, and commences thus:—



Haydn appears to have written one specially for the occasion, but finding there was not sufficient time to rehearse it, put the one in G in its place. This symphony was written before he came to London.

The last symphony which he wrote before coming over was in E flat, and apparently one of his great favourites. It has no special name, but we will call it the "Gennzinger;" for from London Haydn wrote on January 8, 1791, to his great friend, Frau v. Gennzinger, begging her to send him the copy of it. A year later (January 17, 1792) he wrote again, saying, "I have long pined for it." At last he received it, and wrote, "I am glad to have the score: for the English I must make many changes."

THE oldest piano in America belongs to the Stief firm, and is one hundred and forty-four years old. It was made by Johannes Christian Schreiber, of Amsterdam, Holland, in the year 1745 (which date is engraved on name-board). The case is of solid mahogany, inlaid with boxwood. Its compass is 4 1-3 octaves, one string to each note; length 4 feet 7 inches, width 22 inches; and has a pedal which is in the left-hand compartment, and is merely pulled by the hand. The legs are capped near the insertion with a broad brass band handsomely figured about 2 inches wide. They are neatly turned, with raised and hollowed rings, and taper towards the bottom, where they are mortised with brass casters. We believe it to be the oldest piano in America, and the most perfect of its age in the world. The gentleman's father, from whom we received the instrument, got it from the late M. W. Baffe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl," and it was once, we believe, the property of the composer Ludwig Beethoven.

A Summer with Liszt in Weimar.

—:o:—

ON the fifteenth day of June 1885 I exchanged the dusty thoroughfares of Berlin for the rose gardens and shady avenues of Weimar, in the Thuringian hills, and regained my delightful quarters of the previous summer. The Master, as Franz Liszt is called by all who knew him, had been absent from Weimar several weeks, and was not expected to return before the twentieth of the month; but the next morning I was greeted with the announcement that he had come in the night before, and would hold his tri-weekly class that afternoon.

On the second floor of the Court gardener's residence, at the entrance to the Belvedere Allée and the magnificent Grand Ducal Park, lives Liszt, with his small household, Miska, the Hungarian valet, and Pauline, the house-keeper and cook—his faithful servant for over thirty years. The Master had not finished his after-dinner nap as the pupils assembled in the dining-room at four o'clock. Somewhat later than his wont Miska opened the *salon* door, and revealed Liszt advancing to meet us.

His once erect, tall form, now stooped and slightly corpulent, was clad in a black suit, with short house-coat and waistcoat buttoned high. A broad black silk cravat, low standing collar, and black morocco slippers, without backs or heels, displaying a liberal expanse of white worsted hose, completed his simple attire. The heavy masses of long, silky, snow-white hair were brushed loosely back from his forehead, and touched his shoulders. A kindly smile of welcome played over his features as he stood with both hands extended to Hedwig, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his cousin, Professor von Liszt, of Vienna. His lips lightly touched her brow, and then, with a friendly smile, word, or embrace, he received each of the pupils according to his or her place in his esteem or affections. None were strange to him. The majority had been there the summer previous, a few before his departure in May. The Master seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was evidently happy to be at home once more, surrounded by a circle of devoted pupils. The first one to play, Fräulein von Liszt, was just finishing her relative's "Consolation," when Miska entered, and whispered something to "Herr Doctor," as he calls the Master. The latter arose from his chair beside the performer, and requested the pupils to step into the dining-room for a few minutes, as he had a visit from "Serenissimus." The *salon* door connecting with the entry was thrown open, and the Master advanced to the head of the stairs to meet the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who had come to welcome him home. There was an exchange of greetings, hearty laughter, and then the two entered the *salon*, speaking French with animation.

"Adieu, dear Master!" said Karl Alexander as the pair again appeared before the dining-room door; in another moment he had vanished on the stairway. The lesson continued. Liszt's "March and Scherzo" was played by Stradal, of Vienna; his "Funerailles" by Ansoerge, of Leipzig; Schumann's "Toccata" by a lady from Hamburg; and a "Polonaise" of Zarembski's by the best of the lady pianists, Adèle aus der Ohe, of Berlin. The Master was regarded with rapt attention as he made corrections, played short passages to illustrate his idea, or related interesting reminiscences. Each lesson

with him resembles all the others, in that it brings with it something new and of especial worth, for he is inexhaustible.

It is amusing to hear him address some of his pupils, according to their nationality or city—"Holland," "Norway," "Scotland," "America," or "Hamburg," "Mannheim," etc. Stradal became "Stradalus"; Rosenthal, "Rosenthälchen"; and Fräulein S—"Mariechen." Occasionally some peculiarity in manner or dress would cause Liszt to rechristen the unfortunate one, to his sorrow.

One winter in Berlin a friend said to me: "You will attend B—'s concert at the Singakademie next Tuesday, of course?"

"Why 'of course'?" I have never heard of him. Can he play?"

"No; but you should turn out and give him a reception, for the sake of old times in Weimar. You surely remember 'Old Counterpoint'?"

Liszt gave him this nickname, and I had never heard him spoken of as B—.

Besides the fifteen or sixteen pupils, Professor Müller-Hartung, director of the Orchestral School; Gottschalg, the Court organist; and Herr Hofrath Gille, of Jena, the Master's almost lifelong friend, who visits him each week, were present during the lesson. Some of the elder musicians of the city attend the classes at intervals during the summer. As this was Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were chosen as the days for the two remaining lessons that week. We were dismissed earlier than usual, the Master giving the signal to depart by taking both of his cousin's hands and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead. Then all took leave with the same observances as upon entering.

The sisters Anna and Hélène Stahr play the leading rôles in the congenial life of the Lisztianer—as the pupils and followers of the Master are called in Weimar. "Some day their biographer will fill a volume with entertaining reminiscences of them and their hospitable home. Their father, the poet and writer, Professor Adolphe Stahr, of the Jena University, was an early friend of Liszt's. Many years ago the family came to Weimar to reside. The daughters gave piano lessons. At the outset of their career Liszt aided them by his influence in the city. About this time, more than thirty years since, they began the *soirées musicales* that have won the sisters a page in history. They took place on Sunday, and oftentimes Wednesday of the same week. Liszt came accompanied by all the musicians whom his name and fame had drawn to Weimar. His frequent remark upon entering was, "I have brought you a whole portion this evening." Until within five or six years, the Master himself always played. Since the days when Bülow, Tausig, Bendel, Klindworth, Cornelius, and Bronsart performed there as young men, the list has been lengthened by the names of many of the greatest celebrities of the musical world, down to the luminaries just arising on its horizon—d'Albert, Friedheim, Reisenauer, and Siloti. All these years the sisters have toiled early and late at their lessons, going from house to house. They have provided for old age, and now have a comfortable house in Schwansiestrasse, west of the old city proper. The Fräuleins Stahr are known to every man, woman, and child in Weimar as devout disciples of Liszt, and the faithful friends of the Lisztianer. With the Master's return to Weimar in April, his pupils begin to come in; then the sisters Stahr say to their friends, "Good-bye until the Lisztianer leave in the autumn; you need not expect to see us in the meantime." Their friends understand, and leave them to themselves, until the sisters voluntarily return to their society. When the Lisztianer have arrived in sufficient numbers to

make it worth the trouble, the Fräuleins Stahr began their Sunday afternoon entertainments. To be admitted to a lesson at Liszt's is the only recommendation asked a stranger, and he is made welcome.

At four o'clock the Master drives up, attended by one of the young men of the class; and, after receiving the greetings of his followers already assembled,—for few outsiders are invited,—he takes the easy-chair in the front row, and the music begins. The programme is made up mainly of his own compositions, performed by four to six of his pupils, interspersed by songs from some professional concert-singer or an artist from the Grand Ducal Opera. During the intermission cake and wine are served; then at the close of the second part the Master chats awhile and departs as he came. To give him a surprise and pleasure, many a forgotten composition has been revived, or special work, like the Dante or Faust Symphonies, has been prepared for these *soirées*. Like the regular lessons, three days each week, they have become a summer institution. About the middle of July the Fräuleins Stahr go to the North Sea coast, to pass a few weeks, but continue their entertainments when they return home until the Lisztianer depart in September or October.

The sisters always dress alike to the slightest detail. On their birthdays they receive a mass of gifts, but no one would think of presenting an ornament or bit of wearing apparel for the one without a like remembrance for the other; otherwise it would never be worn. Anna is tall, slender, and wears her curly grey hair short. Her nerves are constantly at a tension, and voice quite hoarse from teaching. Eloquent gestures and rapid changes in facial expression animate her conversation on any topic. Hélène is a head shorter than her sister, and several years her junior. By nature she is less impulsive and is keener-sighted than Anna, but a lifelong companionship, with one thought, one aim in common, has made the sisters outwardly alike. Such oneness of purpose and action is rarely found. In dress, manner, and conversation they are as perfect counterparts as exist, and their letters are always signed Anna-Hélène.

After the lesson at Liszt's, the day following my arrival, my first duty was to visit the two sisters. As I came down Schwansiestrasse, I spied them standing at the garden gate. They gave me one of those hearty, characteristic welcomes that cause the newly-arrived to think himself the best friend they have; led me up the gravel walk, through the well-kept garden to the plain, two-storey brick house standing some distance back from the street. We ascended by a side door to the second floor, where, as black letters on the porcelain bell-handle indicate, the "Family Stahr" reside. Adjoining the *salon* and facing the rear garden is a room called by the Lisztianer the "Museum." Into this apartment was crowded the gifts and pictures with appended autographs of the army of artists who have been guests in the house during more than thirty years. The four walls, numerous tables, chairs—in fact, every nook and corner is hidden by this conglomerate mass of souvenirs. The sisters guard this treasure as though it were a sacred trust. They have over fifty different pictures of Liszt, a life-size bust, and a large package of his letters.

As we sat chatting in the cosy dining-room, Fräulein Anna cast frequent despairing glances at the street approach. The garden gate clicked. "Finally!" exclaimed she. "That man is invariably late. I am half famished!" A tall, spare individual of six-and-twenty strode up the path, disappeared round the corner, and a moment later was ushered into our presence.

"Ach, dear August, I thought thou wouldst never come. How goes it with thee?" said the two sisters as with one voice.

"Unavoidably detained," came the quiet answer with a strong Viennese accent.

"And where are the others?" asked they, without waiting for a reply to their inquiries.

"At Werther's; concert there this evening; they will reserve a table for the crowd."

In a corner alcove of the quiet public room of the Russian Hotel is a broad, round table partly surrounded by a divan. Here, at seven o'clock each evening, from the beginning to the close of the season, the sisters Stahr and a select few of the Lisztianer sup together and discuss the affairs of the day.

Although the persons and place of meeting have from time to time changed, this "historical corner table" has for many years been the favourite resort, and the Fräuleins Stahr the permanent supports of it. If its memoirs were written, what hopes and disappointments, successes and failures, joys and sorrows, comedies, and—yes—tragedies, it could chronicle, of the youth, beauty, and talent that have surrounded its boards! In very warm weather, the crowd spends an occasional evening at Chemnitz's or Werther's garden, the Felsen Veller, and out of town at Trefurt or Belvedere.

For many years the master and his pupils have been the guests of Herr Hofrath Gille at the neighbouring city of Jena on the occasion of a special performance of oratorio—generally a work of Liszt's—by the local singing society. They were entertained at his residence formerly with a substantial repast, of which hot roast sausage was the chief ingredient. The Lisztianer nicknamed the day the "Sausage Festival;" and now it is never called otherwise. The "Sausage Festival" of 1885 occurred on Friday, June 26th. The Lisztianer and the sisters Stahr went by a morning train to Jena; the Master, accompanied by the Baroness M—, was to follow in the afternoon. Our host met us at the station; and while he and the ladies were driven to the hotel, the remainder of us visited the old Schiller house and garden, where "Wallenstein" was written, 1789–99. Later, we met by agreement at a public garden. The place was crowded mainly by University students, drinking beer, and listening to the excellent music of a military band. Two large tables placed together accommodated our party, and the hours passed gaily until time for dinner with Dr. Gille at the Hotel "Zum Bären." The Court Councillor presided at a long table in a private dining-room; toasts filled in the pauses between courses; and afterwards all strolled off to drink coffee at a restaurant on a rose-covered hillside in full view of the picturesque region.

After a four o'clock performance of Bach's St. John Passion music at the ancient City Church, Liszt, the Baroness M—, a Princess Gortschakoff by birth, and a niece of Russia's late Prime Minister,—our party from Weimar, and the oratorio soloists, assembled in the pretty little garden at the rear of the "Bären" for the "Sausage Festival." Dr. Gille proved to be a model host, and did everything possible for the comfort of his guests. Long tables were spread under the trees, and at a bountifully supplied sideboard the gentlemen helped the ladies and themselves from pyramids of sandwiches, salads, cheese, and great platters heaped high with steaming roast sausage, a rare kind made especially for this feast, and extraordinarily appetizing. Speeches were made, and healths drunk. When Liszt and the Baroness drove off, we strolled leisurely to the station as twilight deepened into night.

The Fräuleins Stahr gave frequent informal four o'clock "coffees" on week-days, to which

a select few were bidden. These were more enjoyable than the Sunday *soirées*, for artists are oftener heard at their best when free from restraint. I had heard a performance by Adèle aus der Ohe in a Berlin drawing-room a few months previous, and been disappointed. But in one of those hours of inspiration which come to some artist, she made memorable a gathering the Thursday following our Jena trip by her superb playing of Isolde's "Liebestod" and Liszt's first and second "Mephisto Waltzes." Fräulein aus der Ohe is certainly one of the first lady pianistes of Germany, though too passive to be often enthusiastic. Another time, a year since, Alfred Reisenanos, without leaving his seat, gave one of the finest performances of Liszt's two Concertos to which I have ever listened, in defiance of an upright and a second piano accompaniment. Volumes of Liszt's music for two pianos have had some of their best hearings on these informal occasions.

My hostess rarely had more than one or two guests at most in the house, generally young Englishmen to learn German; but, during my absence in Jena, our small family received two additions in the persons of Mrs. B— and her granddaughter, Miss C—, of Chicago, who had come to study with Liszt. Absorbed in a thoroughly congenial existence, I forgot the approach of our national holiday until the calendar turned Wednesday, July 1st. Then it occurred to me that a *soirée musicale* might appropriately celebrate the day in Weimar, if the Master and his pupils would join us, on the anniversary of American Independence. Miss C— and I, the only Americans then with Liszt, went the following day, and found him much pleased to participate in the national celebration of a country with which he has so many ties. Friday afternoon we entered the Master's *salon* as the lesson was beginning. The crowd before the piano courteously opened the way for us to address Liszt, who was seated beside Emil Sauer, about to play a Rubinstein Concerto. Arthur Friedheim at the upright was to accompany.

"Ah, ha! America!" ejaculated the Master in his paternal fashion, smiled, and extended his hand. "To-morrow is the great national celebration. By the way, B—, you must have 'Yankee Doodle' for us to-morrow afternoon. It would never do to omit that at a national celebration. Sit down to play it now." All joined in the laugh that followed.

"Here, Sauer, get up," and he waved the surprised pianist from the stool. "Now, B—, give us 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The Master's word is law, and the melody was performed, while Friedheim improvised variations at the second piano.

"Yes," continued the Master, who stood erect, nodding his head, and beat time impressively, as if directing a grand orchestra, "and Friedheim must write variations on 'Yankee Doodle' especially for to-morrow afternoon! Now, Friedheim," said he, as he approached the piano, "as soon as you go home, take pen and paper, and set yourself down to work, and you can have the variations ready in time. You and B— must play them together!" The pianist looked aghast, and groaned at the task allotted him. The Master had entered into the spirit of the occasion. He undertook the entire management, questioned closely about the arrangements, and, by his determination to make the affair a success, evinced a desire to prove his good-will and honour for the American nation.

"Have you plenty of room, B—?"

"Plenty, Master."

"Good! So, Fräulein B—, we will see you also to-morrow?" said he, turning to a pupil.

"I am not invited, dear Master," was the quiet response.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Yes, Master, all the ladies and gentlemen are invited. I have not yet had time to speak with them, as everything has been so hastily arranged."

At the close of the lesson he said to me: "Provide *Bowle* and—yes!—Rubinstein's Variation on 'Yankee Doodle' too."

"Have you heard, Master," volunteered a pupil, "they are so long that when Rubinstein himself played them in Steinway Hall, New York, almost the entire audience left before he was through?"

"They are very long, something like forty pages, I believe, but well made," was the reply. "Each one shall play at them to-morrow."

Our hostess demonstrated a generous interest in the entertainment, and surrendered the entire house to the caterer in charge. When four o'clock Saturday afternoon came, the ladies of our household advanced to the head of the stairs to meet Liszt, whom I had escorted from his residence. Miss E— pinned the national colours in flowers, worn by all the guests, to the lapels of his coat.

"We are all Americans to-day," said the Master, with a patriotic ring in his voice.

An American flag of flowers, stripes of red and white roses, square of blue cornflowers, with small white star flowers, made especially for Liszt, rewarded this speech. Besides the Master and his twenty pupils, there were present the Fräuleins Stahr, Max Alvary, Achenbach, the operatic tenor, and three American ladies, the Misses M— of Brooklyn, C— of New York, and R— of China, who had stopped over a day on their journey southward from Berlin. The Master, who was at his best and very gay, extended both hands to each of them, and said, as he motioned to a laurel-crowned bust of himself, "You have already made my acquaintance!" Finally, he said, "Now we will have some music," and took his seat in the front row. Then Göllicher and Stradal of Vienna played appropriately to the day Liszt's "Festklänge" for two pianos. The Master left his chair and seated himself between the two pianists, where he could make observations, and occasionally heighten the orchestral effect by playing on one end of the keyboards. After a pause, Liszt called for the next number, and gallantly led Miss E— to the instrument, sat at her side, and encouraged her by muttered "bravos," "good," etc., as she performed an "Etude" of his. Then Arthur Friedheim of St. Petersburg, the best living interpreter of Liszt's compositions, played the second "Ballade." At the close the Master asked for the pianist's variations on "Yankee Doodle." Ansorge, one of the best artists present, was at the second piano. After an impressive introduction came the familiar melody, but the music grew gradually wilder and more complicated, and in the grand crash of the finale, the closing chorus from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and the "Bell" theme from Wagner's "Parsifal" were distinguishable. Friedheim was triumphant, but when he afterwards gave me the manuscript, he made me promise that I would never permit its publication, as it was written under pressure, and not in satisfactory shape. The freaky medley developed a proper Fourth of July humour in all; the Master especially shook with laughter. During the ensuing pause for refreshments, it was my duty to toast our illustrious guest. In response to a "*hoch*" for the Master, he cried, "*Amerika hoch!*" The following telegram from Dr. Gille, who could not be present, was read: "*Amerika und*

Meister hoch!" The Master then invited a young man from Berlin, Alfred Tormann, who arrived that morning, to play, and he contributed Schumann's "Toccata."

"Now for Rubinstein's 'Yankee Doodle!'" exclaimed Liszt. The music, which had been procured in haste from Leipzig, was placed on the rack. "Who shall begin? Ah, yes; here, L—, you may be the first to play."

"Dare I ask to be excused, Master? I am just in from a two weeks' tramp in the mountains, and have no piano. My fingers are very stiff," said L— uneasily.

"Then Sauer may begin."

"Dear Master, my wrist is very painful from over-practice on that Rubinstein Concerto yesterday. Will you not excuse me?" pleaded the blushing pianist.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Master. "Good! very good! It reminds me of an anecdote of William Mason of New York, who was with me twenty-five or thirty years ago. He brought Chopin's E minor Concerto one day to the lesson, but was unable to play this passage." He stepped to the piano, and ran his fingers over the keys. "He played it so,"—here he illustrated the faults of the performance. "I had him try it over several times, but without improvement, so I told him to work on it until the next lesson. He appeared the next time with his arm in a sling." At this the Master laughed heartily, and continued: "I asked him the cause of his affliction, and he replied that he had overworked his hand trying to master that difficult passage. Now each shall play two pages. Stradal may begin." Several watched the opportunity, and glided into the adjacent rooms. Reading at first sight before the Master is rather venturesome, for the consciousness of having played badly in his presence is punishment enough, even though he were not ruthless in his criticism. Liszt keenly enjoys this game of "hide and seek;" and during the ordeal at the piano, he circulated freely through the rooms, to the confusion of the faint-hearted.

"Bravo, Stradal! Now, Rosenthal shall play two pages."

When the composition had created merriment enough, the Master said, "There, that will do. Bring the variations in to the lesson for Monday, B—, and we will finish them."

At half-past six the carriage came.

"Stradal, you accompany me; B— is host, and must not leave," commanded the Master.

"I can find but one of your gloves, Master," said Stradal, as we stood in the hall.

"I never wear but one, and that the left hand," was the response. The other guests remained, and the next two hours resembled a technique tournament. Rosenthal, Ansoerge, Van de Sandt, Sauer of the stiff wrist, and others, contributed feats of piano gymnastics rarely excelled. Then the evening was terminated about the historical corner table at the Russian Hotel. All agreed that American Independence had been gloriously remembered in 1885.

The following Monday morning one of my colleagues hurried in excitedly.

"B—, you can do the fellows the greatest favour in the world if you will only forget those variations this afternoon. The Master will not think of them again."

"Indeed he will; he forgets nothing. I will leave them outside, and have them convenient if he asks for them."

"Let me have a look at them, then. I have no intention of making myself ridiculous this afternoon," chattered the pianist.

"It is just my luck to get one of the difficult ones. Let me see, how does this go?" It

resulted in his taking the music with him until lesson time.

"Now, B—," said the Master at the close of the afternoon lesson, "we will finish 'Yankee Doodle.'" The music was produced, and the comical game of hide and seek began anew. Finally Rosenthal, with his splendid technique and rapid sight-reading, brought the variations to a triumphant close, and the pupils dispersed, inexpressibly relieved to have the piece for ever shelved.

The American flag of flowers stood for a week on a large table in the *salon*.

"See," said Liszt to me at each lesson, "how fresh they are still."

Pauline said, "Ach, Herr Doctor has me water them carefully every day."

When withered and dry, the flag was relegated to the entry, and conspicuously stood there all the summer.

That week Mrs. Harkness and her daughter Arma, the latter known to the public by her artist name, Senkrah, took up their residence in Weimar for the summer. The young violinist once met Hans von Bülow at the office of the concert agent, Wolff, in Berlin, and showed him a Leipzig paper which praised him for refusing to give a second piece, in response to three enthusiastic recalls at a Gewandhaus concert. Bülow took a blue pencil and wrote "Bravo" under the article.

"That is only complete with your signature," said Miss Senkrah, delighted to possess a souvenir so thoroughly characteristic of this erratic being. The pianist wrote, "Snah nov Wolib."

"Why, what is that?" exclaimed the bewildered artist. Bülow laughed. "Your name is Harkness, reverse the letters, and it is Senkrah. Have I not your privilege to make Hans von Bülow Snah nov Wolib?" When Wolff became manager of Miss Harkness' concerts, he desired her to adopt a foreign name; she refused, and at his suggestion, compromised by reversing the spelling of her patronymic. As Arma Senkrah she has become in two seasons one of the greatest favourites before the German public. Musical critics, young and old, have raved about the "violin fairy," to all which the young American is utterly indifferent. She is only twenty-one years of age, and has spent thirteen years studying in Europe. After taking the second and first prizes at the Paris Conservatory, she had instruction from Leonhard, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, and Joachim. Liszt has a high regard for her musicianly attainments, and has used his influence in her behalf where it could most benefit her. Miss Senkrah is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and an important addition to the artistic circle in Weimar.

The young artiste made her *début* in Weimar at the Fräuleins Stahr. Liszt took special interest in her, and she became, with her mother, a regular attendant of his class. Miss Senkrah always brought her instrument, and at the close of the lesson the Master himself accompanied her in the Beethoven Sonatas for violin and piano, and miscellaneous compositions of his own and other composers. It was an appreciated privilege to hear Liszt play so frequently; for before Miss Senkrah's advent, he rarely performed a piece in its entirety, even in the lessons. Whenever the Master waved a pupil from the stool, and took his place at the piano to illustrate a passage, a sudden hush fell on the assembly; the stragglers, whispering and laughing over in the corner, stopped their chatter, and joined the group of eager listeners, standing closely about the performer, and concealing him from view. Those were moments of hopeful expectancy. How hard every one was

wishing that he would play it all! Sometimes it would be only a few measures; again, a page or two; then he would stop abruptly. A score of happy faces grew long with disappointment, though all were grateful for even these fragmentary delights; but when the Master deigned to perform an entire piece, the favour was regarded as a special act of Providence. As Liszt has long since ceased playing in public, and given up daily practice, one would naturally suppose at his age (he was born 22nd October 1811) that his fingers have lost much of their skill. Unquestionably there are moments when a failing in his technical powers is perceptible, and the Master is altogether too clever to play more than a few measures when forced to realize this; but there are hours when he seems rejuvenated, and in full possession of his old-time vigour. Then his playing overwhelms by its majesty and passion, dazzles by its sparkle and brilliancy, animates by its lightfulness, or excites the deeper emotions by its tenderness and pathos. No pianist has ever so successfully worked upon the different feelings of his auditors. Whatever his mood, he compels one to feel with him. By force of his irresistible personality he fascinates and conquers without putting forth an effort. His playing is like the man himself. As he sits at the piano, or listens to a worthy composition, his face mirrors the feelings of the inner self. A deaf person could learn the character of the work performed, and of the performance too, merely by watching Liszt's face. Added to his natural qualifications is the ripeness of knowledge grown of such an experience as his has been. Aside from the pleasure of having heard him play, the privilege of attending his class is exceedingly valuable to a young musician, as the Master's interpretation of any composition is accepted as unquestionably authentic. His suggestions and instruction are treasured up among those rare things that stand out in relief from the experiences of a lifetime. Few are granted this boon, as Liszt has never accepted a penny for lessons, and can cull at pleasure from the many that seek his instruction. Thus, the musical public have learned to consider his pupils among the elect, though so many who have merely been admitted to a lesson, or played once in his presence, have afterwards made capital of it, by announcing themselves as "a pupil of Liszt," that the advertisement is now regarded with distrust. During the entire summer the Master was in unusually good health, and capable of more physical endurance than the year before. With the impetus derived from his accompaniment of the violin, he frequently went on and played alone.

One day Fräulein B— brought Chopin's Etude in A flat, Op. 25, No. 1. The Master had just arisen from a refreshing nap, and was in a mood for playing. He smiled benignly as he glanced at the piece, and said: "I play that well myself," and proceeded to prove his assertion. Played throughout *pianissimo*, the gently undulating accompaniment resembled the faint sighing of the breeze through the trees in the still of evening, while, as if borne on the wind, there arose softly, yet clearly and distinctly, a wonderful melody. A superhuman spell seemed to hold the listeners as the music died away. The fingers that had wrought such magic lingered a moment on the keys, and then the Master arose slowly from the stool, and said in barely audible accents, "Now you may play, Fräulein B—."

"No, Master," said one with tears in his eyes, and his voice sounded strangely harsh and real, "let us live in the recollection of this."

"Very well, another time then," replied the Master, awakening us all to a realization of our

surroundings.

(To be continued.)

"Her Sweet Voice Haunts Me Still."

—:o:—

HERE was silence in the *sanctum sanctorum* of Messrs. Green, Wood, & Co.'s counting-house one gloomy December afternoon until one of its two occupants began to hum softly the refrain of a song.

The younger man looked up in natural astonishment at this unusual proceeding, and it ceased abruptly, but only to be recommenced after a short interval. "Is Ormond going daft in his old age?" was the mental query of young Lawson, when, for a third time, the same tune made itself heard.

Mr. Ormond looked as though he had misgivings as to the propriety of his conduct himself, and when he met the other's eye he said, half petulantly, "I cannot get that tune out of my head, Lawson."

"What tune?" was the careless rejoinder.

"Why, I thought you heard me, and looked surprised that an old fogey like me should take to warbling; that song, 'Her sweet voice haunts me still,' keeps running in my head to-day."

"It's 'her bright smile,' not 'her sweet voice,'" said Charlie Lawson, with a smile on his own face at the shrewd suspicion that this most confirmed of old bachelors was actually entangled in Cupid's snare.

"Where did you hear it?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, it's years since I heard the song. I suppose it was her voice that recalled it," was the reply, given in a rather absent-minded manner.

"Whose voice?" asked Lawson, feeling his curiosity was impertinent, but unable to repress it.

"Well, I suppose I may as well confess that I am bewitched by a voice—you never heard such a voice—it is so deliciously sweet that it is a pleasure to hear her, even when only singing scales and exercises."

"But who is this wonderful singer, as mysterious a 'she' as even Rider Haggard's heroine?"

"I don't know about mystery, but although they have rooms in the same house as mine, I never see her."

"I'm getting as inquisitorial as a lawyer, but I must ask one more question. Why do you say 'they'?"

"A young man occupies the same rooms, and often goes out, but always alone."

"Well, why don't you ask your landlady?"

"I did one day ask if Mr. Leigh had his wife with him, and the good woman gave a stare of surprise, and said he was single, and very quiet in his ways, and Miss Leigh quite a lady. She hoped I'd nothing to complain of. I don't like to say more." And with a sigh Mr. Ormond bent over his ledger again.

Some suppressed merry thought haunted Charlie Lawson now, and office hours were no sooner over than he started off in a direction opposite to that he usually took. The doors of the old cathedral were open, and Charlie Lawson stood patiently waiting until the choir, having hastily thrown aside their surplices, mingled with the dispersing crowd.

One of the lay clerks—the principal alto—was hardly astonished when he felt a hand upon his shoulder—it was a thing to which he was accustomed,—so he only turned to see who his captor was.

"You, Lawson! Is it not your tea-hour?"

"Yes, and I'm starving; but I was afraid I'd

lose you, and I've got the best joke out for you. Some one is in love with you."

"Too many are, I'm afraid," was the unblushing reply, accompanied by a sigh of affected sentimentality.

"You're a cool one; but the cream of the joke is this, unless I'm mightily mistaken, you have a masculine admirer."

"A man!" he exclaimed.

"Have you changed your rooms lately?"

"Yes; gone to 13 Gloucester Crescent."

"I thought so. Well, that old fossil, Ormond, has lived there for years; and at last your voice has fanned into flame some flicker of sentiment in his heart, and he came to the office this afternoon and hummed at his desk an old love-tune."

"You are turning poetical yourself, Charlie; is it so contagious?"

"Oh, that's not original; but, look here, we'll get some fun out of this."

And the two walked on, occasionally astonishing the people they met by a burst of irrepressible laughter. That evening Mr. Ormond heard the voice that had captivated him more distinctly than ever; and when, according to custom, he placed his door ajar, and, regardless of draught, put his head close to it, he found the opposite door, in unaccustomed manner, was also open.

Tender and plaintive ditties, soft and bright airs followed one another in quick succession; but the closing song was most tantalizing. Clearly the words rang out, "But though I listen to thy voice, thy face I never see."

He heard the lid of the piano close, and shortly after Mr. Leigh came out of the room, followed by a figure closely muffled and rather tall, but the hall was too dimly lighted for Mr. Ormond to observe anything more.

He sat down to his solitary pipe and tried to imagine how the tall lady would look in the chair opposite; he was short and stout, but though he wished the mysterious "She" was not so much above him in height, he was yet undaunted.

Now he was haunted by the words, "Thy face I never see." It was worse than the former air, and he woke in the morning after a restless night muttering,—“Though I listen to thy voice."

Messrs. Green, Wood, & Co.'s cashier did not that day give the undivided attention to his labours which they strictly required; but his astute companion was apparently oblivious to this, and the day dragged on its dreary length.

The evening was cold and wet, and when Mr. Ormond reached home his fire and arm-chair, hot toast and tea looked inviting, but not quite satisfactory; some undefinable want, never felt before, obtruded itself. He scalded his mouth in his haste to dispose of the tea, that he might plant himself in his usual post for hearing and observation.

And when again he heard the mocking words, "Though I listen to thy voice, thy face I never see," he determined that the latter clause should soon cease to be in the negative.

Mr. Ormond prided himself on his musical knowledge; he attended every concert, and rarely heard a singer in whom he could distinguish no flaw.

It was certainly cruel that fate should place him under the same roof as this perfect singer, and yet throw so mysterious a veil over her. As he retired for the night he again fell asleep to the tune of "Thy face I never see." Next morning Charlie Lawson casually asked him if he had yet discovered the identity of the lady.

With considerable hesitation, and in faltering words, so unlike his usual precision, he owned he had so far been unsuccessful.

"Strange she never goes out," he soliloquized. "I can only think she must walk while I am here; she may be as regular in her habits as I am in mine," and for once his surmise was correct.

"Have you never seen her?" asked Charlie.

"I once caught a glimpse of a tall graceful figure," was the reply.

"I suspect that was me," mused Charlie, "but no one ever called me graceful before;" then he added aloud, "I think I can procure you an introduction through a mutual friend, if you like it."

With assumed carelessness Mr. Ormond expressed his thanks. That evening, while he was listening in his usual position, dreaming of his coming pleasure, and wondering who the mutual friend could be, he heard steps on the stairs, and was hardly seated before Charlie Lawson presented himself.

"I've got the introduction I promised you in the shape of an invitation, and he handed him a delicately-tinted, elegantly-scented note.

"Miss Leigh will be happy to see Mr. Lawson and his friend this evening, at any time convenient to them."

"I was only introduced to her myself last evening, but when I made my request she seemed pleased with the idea of making your acquaintance. She knows you well by sight." The look of importance Mr. Ormond assumed made it almost impossible to speak further, but he managed to say, "Shall we present ourselves?"

"I'm afraid I don't look—ah, just the thing," but as he was always prepared for a chance encounter, Mr. Ormond was looking as well as it was possible for him to do, and Charlie Lawson assured him of that fact.

With all the pomposity he could muster, he entered the room—to see a nice quiet old lady knitting by the fire, and the gentleman he had known as Mr. Leigh sitting before the piano turning over some songs.

"My friend, Mr. Ormond, Miss Leigh," said Charlie in conventional tones, and the lady looked curiously at the bewildered man; for, to complete the fun, they had declared that Mr. Ormond was deeply enamoured with the charms of Miss Leigh, and the sensible lady was amused.

"My nephew is often singing; I hope his practising does not disturb you, Mr. Ormond."

"Not in the least," was the reply, the only words Mr. Ormond could bring himself to utter.

"Will you not sing us something now?" said Charlie, turning to his friend, and the alto singer, in his softest, deepest tones, commenced

"Thy voice is near me in my dreams."

Mr. Ormond is now more than ever confirmed in his distaste for the society of ladies, and he has never since been known to express admiration of a contralto voice.

My Heart and I.

—:o:—

*I sang to my heart in the sunshine of youth,
That had known no touch of care;
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,
And earth is a garden fair."*

*I sighed to my heart in the hey-day of life,
Mid the tolling and the care;
"Love and its dreams cannot ever remain,
Each heart must its burden bear."*

*I say to my heart as the sunset rays
Steal over my fading sight,
"Oh heart! give strength, that my labours all may
Be finish'd while yet 'tis light."*

Tests of Merit at Expositions.

MR. HENRY BEHR, of Behr Brothers & Co., New York, who recently returned from a Chicago trip, is replete with views and suggestions on the World's Fair to be held in that city, and the particular part to be played in it by piano manufacturers. He has evidently made a deep study of this, a most interesting question just at this time, and has evolved a plan that for novelty and originality must be placed on record. "I believe," said Mr. Behr, "that there is a sentiment at large that the manner of proceeding in securing the judgment on the relative merit of pianos exhibited at world's fairs has not been satisfactory. The people have no great faith in the diplomas and medals given at expositions, and are rather sceptical in their belief in the methods adopted to secure these prizes. In consequence of the universal opinion existing, I have a plan which, I believe, merits investigation and reflection."

"In the first place, the selection of the jurors on musical instruments has not been on a broad or comprehensive scale, and too much 'inside' influence was exercised, simply because the opportunity was offered in naming or proposing the jurors. My plan is to have, say, twelve men of prominence in the musical world, selected by the General World's Fair Committee, from which the five or seven members of the jury are to be taken."

"A ballot system is to be arranged, and the twelve names are to be sent to each piano and organ manufacturer, who is asked to return the list with five names struck off, leaving his choice of the twelve names on the ticket. At a specified date, all these ballots are to be opened by a committee, consisting of the editors of the musical papers; and, after a proper count, the editors certify officially which seven names received the majority vote; and this certificate is to be the official document verifying the jury."

"Here, then," continued Mr. Behr, "would be an average fairly selected, in fact elected, jury, the choice of the manufacturers, whose own interests in each individual case would prevent collusion or pre-arrangement. A verdict of such a jury would be accepted as a truthful judgment of men fairly selected for a certain well-defined general purpose, and not selected with a particular object in view—that is, a particular piano, no matter who the maker may be. The self-evident fairness of selection would be a guarantee of such value that every piano manufacturer who has confidence in his own product would be only too glad to take advantage of it, and our firm would be the first to submit to such a jury the pianos we manufacture, with a conscious conviction that we would have a fair show—and that is all we ask."

Mr. Behr's proposition is seconded by another in connection with this matter, which is equally interesting. He continued: "The first principle at every competition is unqualified fairness to every participant and to every article entered. There must be perfect equality; no advantage, not in the slightest degree, should be accorded to any exhibitor, and the great houses as well as the most humble should be tried on the same platform or principle, no avours to be shown to any one."

"My plan in this respect is a general agreement among piano makers to make all their

uprights, for instance, of each size on a certain model or pattern adopted after consultation. These pianos would therefore have no distinctive outward appearance, and having no names upon them, and made of the same kind of wood, could not be distinguished. They are to be packed in cases and left at the Exhibition, at a depot or general storage room until the day of trial, when they are all brought into the room."

"These pianos are to be subjected to four tests; viz. tone, touch, remaining in tune, and quality of finish; and as there would be no method by means of which a juror could detect his favourite make of piano, if he had one, the test of absolute merit would prevail. Subsequent to this, there should be a second examination into the patents, improvements, peculiarities, etc., of the pianos that are entered, and for this test the regular styles of each make are to be submitted; but for the four prime tests there is to be no evidence in existence for identification."

"This is my plan, and our firm is prepared at any moment to sign an agreement to that effect. Behr Brothers & Co. are not only willing, but anxious, that such an unprejudiced and unrestricted plan should be adopted; and if it is, the testimonials that would be awarded would have an inestimable value to the successful exhibitors. As has been the case on such occasions in the past, no good could result to any one, and the meritorious pianos are placed on the same footing with low-grade pianos whose owners use their testimonials as effectively in favour of their pianos as the makers of fine pianos use their prizes and diplomas."

The Old Metronome.

TIC-TAC, tic-tic-tac, tic-tac. It's all over with me, I cannot go any longer. I suppose I am worn out."

He was a little mahogany Maelzel, very old, and (as he said) worn out; and the girl who was vainly trying to play her *velocité* studies to his irregular beat was obliged to stop him. She was just about to resume her practice, when, hearing him speak, thought it would be only polite to answer him.

"Yes, I suppose you are old,—older than I am, I expect."

"I am over fifty years of age, and that is a long time even for a metronome. When I think of the work I have done, I sometimes wonder how I ever got through it all,—from *Adagio*, solemn as a funeral, with its 40 slow minims; bright *Allegro*, with 160 gay crotchets; to frolicsome *Presto*, with 208 breathless semiquavers. I know and love them all, but shall never welcome them again—never—never."

"Do you like counting time for people? I shouldn't."

"It depends upon who the 'people' are. I don't like amateurs, especially school-girls."

"You are not very polite," said the girl. "I shall shut you up."

"Do; it is the kindest thing you could do for me. My memories of the past are far more precious to me than anything in the present. I beg your pardon if I was rude; but if you could see the pictures I see, you would not wonder that I am impatient with novices in the Art for which I live. I belong to a bygone generation. My life is over; but it is worth living through all the dreary present to have one glorious month to look back upon."

"Was it so splendid, then?"

The metronome went on unheeding: "The first thing I remember is a room with old-fashioned mahogany furniture. A white-haired gentleman, nearing his eightieth year, was entertaining a few friends at dinner, and all the talk was about a celebrated composer who was shortly expected to come and conduct his new oratorio specially composed for the local Musical Festival, of which the host was the founder. A few days later the great master arrived, and one memorable morning he came to the piano and began to play. Ah me!—what playing it was, fiery as molten sunshine, sweet as the violet-scented breath of spring, delicate as a summer dawn, deep as the ocean's voice, and pervaded by a subtle pathos which touched the latent poetry in the hearer's heart into strange, sweet response. Then with what *abandon* of graceful fancy he would play one of his own inimitable Scherzos, and would then pass from sudden passion to keen emotion or dignified repose! His face was like a Southern flower in its ever-changing beauty; and as he impatiently flung back the thick soft hair from his noble forehead, he seemed to be alive with some more ethereal essence than the common breath of mortals. One day he reached me down from my bracket, and carefully adjusting me, tried a few bars of each number of his oratorio. That music is now familiar to every true lover of the art. The days passed rapidly, the Festival was over, and our beautiful musician left us. Two years later, in the same room, a young girl was softly playing in the gathering gloom of a November evening one of the matchless airs from that sublime oratorio, when like a thunder-clap came the news, 'Mendelssohn is dead.' I can see the silvery head of the gentle old man bowed in profound grief, and can hear the deep sobs which shook his fragile body, for he had loved 'Felix' like a son. He never recovered from the shock of that unexpected death. In after years I became the property of the young girl before mentioned, and she has kept me ever since for the sake of old times; and although I am worn out, we both remember 'the golden days' when the 'Elijah' was marked to the beat of my pulse."

"Yes—please shut me up."

Music in St. Petersburg.

THE Music season here has almost closed, and the Symphony Concerts are over. It has been an unusually brilliant season for us. The new orchestra has done wonders, and in every way it can be looked back on as an advance on former seasons.

Amongst the singers,—of course not counting those who sing permanently in opera,—Sembrich, Malten, and Nikita have visited us. Auer and a wonderfully gifted youthful Polish violinist, Mlinarsky, with Gregorowitch, have been our violinists. Amongst pianists we have several times heard Rubinstein, whilst Essipoff, Max Pauer, Dreyshock, Buzzoni—who promises to be the second Bülow—and many others, notably Mdle. Shehazoff, Bülow's pupil, have visited us. Almost everything, from the Ninth Symphony to whatever one likes to consider as the opposite of this, we have heard in the way of good music during the season; and amongst the conductor-composers, Dvorák, Tschai-kowsky, and Rubinstein have honoured us. If only for the great Rubinstein Jubilee fête, the season would remain a very notorious one in the annals of St. Petersburg music. Next season Mr. Auer is hoping to offer the public some of the works of our English composers.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

A New Portrait of Paganini.

IN Paganini's time it was comparatively easy to find an authentic Stradivarius, Amati, or Guarnerius violin, not to mention those by Steiner and Klotz, De Salo and Granzino, Magini, and others; but, at the present day, diligent search has to be made in out-of-the-way towns and villages of Italy for old violins by hunters and collectors; for, great as is our time in the improved manufacture of pianofortes and other musical instruments, the secret of perfect violins still remains unsolved. It was in one of these researches that the old oil painting was recently unearthed, from which we have taken the sketch we present to our readers, of the great virtuoso at nineteen; and in which we can, without much difficulty, perceive the features which afterwards became so weirdly marked with the wildest eccentricities of genius; when the cheeks became cadaverous, the long flexible lips sunken, the eyes haggard, and the whole face and head *demonic* enough to give some colour to the strange tales in circulation about him. In an old book printed forty years ago, on the subject of violins and violinists, we find some anecdotes of Paganini, and comments on his playing, which may prove interesting to our readers. Even at this date, fifty years after his death, the imagination is strongly excited by his strange personality; and one cannot wonder at the bewildering effects he produced on his hearers, who often fancied him supernatural in his appearance and performance, one of them going so far as to affirm that he "distinctly perceived the devil at Paganini's elbow, guiding his fingers and directing his bow; that the said devil was dressed in red; had horns and a tail, and that, moreover, the striking likeness of their countenances plainly established the relationship between them! It was impossible to refuse credence to so circumstantial and descriptive an account; and the curious became satisfied that this was the true secret of Paganini's *tours de force*." It was also rumoured that he had committed a murder, for which he had been imprisoned eight years, and had spent the whole time of enforced seclusion in strenuous practice upon the violin. "The page will be a strange one in the history of art to be written some fifty years hence"—says a writer in the *Athenaeum* of that date—"which shall contain all the rumours that heralded Paganini's first appearance in England, and were quoted in explanation of his outward eccentricities of person and manner. Our children will laugh at the credulity of their fathers, when they read of a musician who strung his instrument with the heartstrings of his mistress,—a sort of demon Orpheus, who had been initiated into his power by the gentle ordeals of murder and solitary confinement;—and yet such reports were widely spread, and, strange to say, believed! I remember having heard it gravely said in society

that 'Paganini could play upon his violin when all its strings were taken off!' and when another of the party, to expose the absurdity of the tale, declared that this wonder of the world had done more, having once actually *strung a gridiron* (his own violin not arriving in time), on which he performed a concerto, with immense applause; this second and surpassing marvel (of course fabricated in the humour of the moment) was not only swallowed, but absolutely retailed as an accredited fact."

But, setting aside rumours, we will transcribe the comments of two eye and ear witnesses, one English, the other French. The Englishman, one Mr. Gardner of Leicester, says:—

"At the hazard of my ribs, I placed myself at the opera door, two hours and a half before the concert began. Presently the crowd of musicians and vocalists filled the colonnade to suffocation, all anxious to get the front seats, because they had to pay for their places, Paganini not giving a single ticket away. The

delight burst from the audience at the novelty of this effect. Immediately an execution followed, equally indescribable, in which were intermingled tones more than human, which seemed to be wrung from the deepest anguish of a broken heart. If it were possible to aim at a description of his manner, we should say that you would take the violin to be a wild animal which he is endeavouring to quiet in his bosom, and which he occasionally, fiend-like, lashes with his bow; this he dashes upon the strings as you would whip with a walking-switch, tearing from the creature the most horrid as well as delightful tones. He has long legs and arms, and his hands, in his playing, often assume the attitude of prayer, with the fingers pointed upwards. The highest notes (contrary to everything we have learnt) are produced as the hand recedes from the bridge. During these effects, a book caught fire upon one of the desks, which burned for some time unobserved by the musicians, who could neither see nor

hear (though repeatedly called to by the audience) anything but the feats of this wonderful performer. He then entered upon his celebrated performance on the single string, introducing the air of 'Nel cor piu' ('Hope told a flattering tale'), to which he imparted a tone so plaintive and desolate that the heart was torn by it; in the midst of this he was so *outré*, so comic, as to occasion the loudest bursts of laughter! This feat was uproariously encouraged. He then retired to put on three other strings, and ended this miraculous performance with the richest arpeggios and echoes, intermingled with new effects that no language can describe! There was no trick in his playing; it was all fair, scientific execution, opening to us a new order of sounds, the highest of which ascended two octaves above C in alt!"

So speaks the Englishman; now for the more effusive Parisian.

"Enter Paganini and his violin! He advances, with sundry awkward and heavy steps; he makes obeisance, and the applause is renewed; he moves forward, with increased oddity of gait, and the noise of hands is heard on all sides. He makes several further salutations; he endeavours to

animate his countenance with a smile of acknowledgment, instantly succeeded by a look of icy coldness. He makes a halt, and, with still greater eccentricity of manner, he seizes his fiddle, hugs it between chin and chest, and fixes on it a look of pride, penetration, and gentleness. Thus rests he several seconds, leaving the public at leisure to examine and make him out in his strange originality,—to note with curiosity his gaunt body, his lengthy arms and fingers, his dark hair descending to his shoulders, the sickness and suffering denoted in his whole frame, the sunken mouth, long eagle nose, his wan and hollow cheeks, his large, fine forehead,—and beneath the shadow and shelter of that front, eyes that dilate and flash at every instant. Behold him, a compound of chill irony and electric enthusiasm,—of haughtiness with seeming humility, of sickly languor and fitful nervous exaltations, of wild oddity, chastened by some hidden and unconscious grace,—a very *man-fiddle*! Promptly his looks descend from his



A NEW PORTRAIT OF PAGANINI, copied by kind permission from a Painting in the possession of Messrs. Dawkins & Co.

concert opened with Beethoven's Second Symphony, admirably performed by the Philharmonic band; after which Lablache sang 'Largo al factotum,' with much applause, and was encored. A breathless silence then ensued, and every eye was watching the action of this extraordinary violinist; and as he glided from the side scenes to the front of the stage, an involuntary cheering burst from every part of the house, many rising from their seats to view the *spectre*, during the thunder of this unprecedented cheering,—his gaunt and extraordinary appearance being more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom, than one to delight you with his art. With the tip of his bow he set off the orchestra, in a grand military movement, with a force and vivacity as surprising as it was new. At the termination of this introduction, he commenced with a soft, streamy note of celestial quality, and, with three or four whips of his bow, elicited points of sound that mounted to the third heaven, and as bright as the stars. A scream of astonishment and

violin to the orchestra—he gives the signal—he raises his right hand briskly into the air, and dashes his bow down upon the instrument! You anticipate the rupture of all its strings! On the contrary, the lightest, the finest, most delicate of sounds comes forth to win your surprise. He continues for some moments to sport with your preconceptions—to look askance at you—to irritate you; and every whim that occurs to him is employed to draw you out from your supposed indifference. He teases you, he pleases you, he springs, he runs, he wanders from tone to tone, from octave to octave; achieves, with incredible lightness and precision, the widest intervals; extracts unknown sounds, discourses, sings, bewails, ejaculates, describes! 'Tis suddenly a murmur of waves, a whistling in the air, a warbling of birds, an unrestricted impulse of caprices and contrasts, without guide or measure! Presently there succeeds to this musical phantasmagoria a broad, stately, harmonious simplicity. Chords that are pure, sweet, melodious, brilliant, stream from beneath the bow; and then come accents of nature that seem to flow from the heart itself; and then the vague moans and plainings of a melancholy abandonment! You sympathize, in gentle pain, with the touching and melodious artist: you dispose yourself to follow at his direction the course of some mournful, fleeting vision, when instantly a fit of violent distress, a sort of shuddering fury seizes him, and we are startled and chilled by cries which pierce the recesses of our frame, and make us tremble for the hapless being whom we behold and hear; fearfully the head burns, and the heart aches. Truce to the cries of agony and despair! A fantastic chant, a wild laugh springs up; he sings, he dances, he laughs. And now, should the rondo come in its light and laughing gaiety, should the hymn of love and delight succeed, 'twill be the same case as with the cry of grief or despair. Each burst of simple gaiety must be followed by an air in the coquettish style. Amid the passionate harmonies of love, you shall hear interspersed the accents of coldness, disdain, and raillery. After a voluptuous transport, you shall have mincing and caprices."

"So much," says our author, "for the pungently descriptive as regards this singular being. It is less difficult, however, to exhibit effects and appearances than to analyze the causes or means which produce them; and it is in this latter endeavour, accordingly, that there has been least success attained by those who have made Paganini their theme." M. Guhr, the able violinist of Frankfort, though he had the seeming advantage of personal and friendly access to Paganini, could make nothing of him by the interrogatory system, and therefore adopted the alternative of becoming a silent student of his peculiarities. He found that the chief points of difference were first in his tuning ("which," observes M. Guhr, "is wholly original, and in many respects incomprehensible; sometimes he tunes the first three strings half a tone higher, while that of F is a third lower than ordinary. It was surprising to find, especially on one occasion, when he played for nearly an hour and a half in the most opposite keys,—without its being perceptible that he had changed his tuning,—that none of the strings became disturbed. In an evening concert, between the Andante and the Polacca his G string snapped, and that which he substituted, though tuned to B, remained firm as a rock. His manner of tuning his instrument contains the secret of many of his effects, of his succession of chords and striking vibrations, which ordinarily appear impossible to the violinist"). Second, in a management of the bow peculiar

to himself. Third, in his mode of using the left hand in passages of a singing character. Another writer says on this point:—"His long arms and slender frame allow him to place the instrument in the most advantageous position possible, and his left arm is brought so completely under it, that his hand seems to cover the whole extent of the keyboard. Such is the flexibility, besides, of his joints, that he can throw his thumb nearly back upon his wrist, and extend his little finger, at the same time, in the opposite direction." Dr. Bennati read, before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, a physiological notice of this extraordinary man, in which he gave it as his opinion that his prodigious talent was mainly to be attributed to the peculiar conformation which enabled him to bring his elbows close together and place them one above the other, to the elevation of his left shoulder, which was an inch higher than his right; to the slackening of the ligaments of the wrist, and the mobility of his phalanges, which he could move in a lateral direction at pleasure. "His hand," says M. Fétis, "was a geometrical compass, that divided with mathematical exactness the neck of the violin, and his fingers always came plump upon the very point at which the intonations of his double-note intervals were to be obtained."

We conclude with another quotation from M. Fétis:—

"It will perhaps be asked, what can be the advantage of introducing fresh difficulties into art? In music, it will be reasonably contended, the object is not to *astonish*, by the conquest of difficulties, but to *charm* by means of sentiment. Against this principle I would be the last to declaim; but I would observe, first, that there is no preventing those cases of *exception*, in which certain artists will seek the triumphs of their talent in extreme perils of execution, which, if successful, the public will as surely applaud;—and secondly, that the study of what is most arduous leads to certainty in what is more simple. A violinist who should attain the power of playing the Concertos of Paganini, with truth of tune, and in perfect proportion, would possess, *a fortiori*, an undeviating accuracy in ordinary music."

Welsh Memo. and Musings.

BY "AP THOMAS."

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES.

Orchestral societies, I am glad to note, are on the increase in South Wales, the latest to be established being at the colliery village of Penygraig, in the Rhondda Valley. The conductor is Miss Meta Scott, the well-known violinist of Merthyr, where exists an orchestra which may be ranked second only to Cardiff.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE TEMPERANCE FETE.

The Cardiff Blue Ribbon Choir, conducted by Mr. J. F. Proud, will again compete at the Crystal Palace Temperance Fête, which is to be held on July 8th. They will, as heretofore, prove a hard nut to crack, and I expect them to return home with another to their string of one first and five second prizes. It is exceedingly fortunate for them that the piece selected as the principal test is Calcott's "O snatch me swift," which they have long sung. What composition they will themselves choose as the second test they have not yet decided. In all probability it will be "O Thou whose beams" (Goss).

AN UNBENDING CRITIC.

"Zetus," the musical critic of the *Western Mail*, possesses the reputation of being the most stern and unflinching writer who ever wielded pen on the South Wales press. Woe be to the poor vocalist or instrumentalist who fails to realize his anticipations. He stays not at trifles, and were it needful he would probably exhaust Nuttall's Dictionary to find adjectives sufficiently strong to express his condemnation. It is, of course, the duty and privilege of the critic to criticise, and to criticise honestly. Immediately he ceases to be critical, and instead sets himself the task of bespraising anything and everything to which he is called upon to listen, his notices become as naught and as harmless as a tinker's curse. But there are critiques and critiques, and I cannot but think that "Zetus" might oftentimes be a little more merciful. Such unsparing condemnation as he repeatedly administers cannot well be conducive to the end he doubtless has in view. This, for instance, is what he says of the organ-playing at Dr. Frost's benefit concert at Cardiff on 2nd April:—"It is high time that a check should be put on the way in which the grand organ is being prostituted. More glaring exhibitions of hopeless incompetency than those on Wednesday night would be impossible." And this of a gentleman who is organist of one of the leading chapels in Cardiff!

MR. JAMES SAUVAGE OFF TO AMERICA.

The above concert, by the way, was conspicuous in that at it Mr. James Sauvage, the leading baritone of the Principality, made his last appearance in Cardiff—and probably the last in South Wales also—prior to his removal to America. Yankee dollars once again constitute the loadstone which attracts such a brilliant vocalist from his native wilds. I don't know how many hundred dollars a year Mr. Sauvage has been offered to sing at a certain city church in the States on Sundays, and how many additional hundreds for one or two songs at concerts during the week. I know, though, that the offer was too tempting to be ignored, and that Mr. Sauvage, with his young son Tonzo, of whom as a pianist much is expected, will shortly bid "farewell" to his brother Cymry and the Land of Song he loves so well.

A CHOIR FOR MERTHYR.

It is more than passing strange that until within the past week or two such a large centre of population as Merthyr, where music is so widely appreciated, was unable to boast the possession of a choral society worthy the name. Recent years have witnessed not a few attempts to establish such a body of vocalists on a permanent basis, but, whether due to different management or to lack of enterprise on the part of members themselves, all endeavours have ignominiously failed. It now seems, though, that musical Merthyrians are determined that the slur upon their character shall no longer be merited. They have held several meetings, and the result has been the establishment of the Merthyr Choral Society, and the election of Mr. Lewis Morgan as conductor. It is more than likely, too, that, upon the initiative of Mr. Hugh Thomas, an orchestra will be formed in connection with the choir. Judging by the enthusiasm which has characterized the formation, the Society should live long, and should prove no mean eisteddfodic opponents to the older choirs of Dowlais, Llanelly, Aberdare, Abergavenny, and other places. "The Woman of Samaria" (Sterndale Bennett) is the oratorio which will first be taken in hand.

CARDIFF ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Without a doubt, the Cardiff Orchestral Society's last concert on 9th April was the most mediocre that has been given since the Society's foundation some five or six years ago. At present it is the fashion to attend these concerts, the spacious Park Hall being uncomfortably packed on every occasion; but a few more such concerts as the last, and it will become decidedly unfashionable for Cardiffians to attend. The public cannot be expected to patronize a one-man Society, such as this Society threatens to become; nor will they tolerate good music indifferently played. Thanks to the untiring and self-sacrificing exertions of Mr. Sidney Fifoot, its original

conductor, the orchestra has attained an enviable reputation, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of musical Wales, will not be readily and ruthlessly sacrificed. A distinct improvement upon the last concert is, however, absolutely imperative, if the Society's reputation is to be maintained. That tunefulness, crispness, and vivacity, which have characterized the orchestra's performances hitherto, were painfully absent: instead, we had untuneful and laboured renderings of unknown and too ambitious compositions. The Society, too, were unfortunate in the selection of the solo vocalists. Madame Georgina Burns was never more coldly received in Cardiff. The reason is not far to seek. She was far from being in her best voice; and further, if I may be allowed the term, her selections—"Twas Night," from "Il Trovatore," and the "Swallow Song," from "Esmeralda"—were of too "stagey" a character to find favour in the concert hall. Only partial success, too, attended the efforts of Mr. Charles Manners, who sang the serenade from "Faust," "To-morrow will be Friday," and "In Cellar Cool." Why, I should like to know, did Dr. Joseph Parry, the conductor, so manifestly lose his temper upon Mr. Manners being encored?

A WELSH CANTATA.

To the libretto of Mr. J. Young Evans, B.A., of Dowlais, Mr. Haydn Parry, a professor at the Guildhall School of Music, and son of Dr. Joseph Parry of Cardiff, has composed a cantata, to which the title "Gwen" has been given. The story, which is based upon a Welsh legend, runs to this effect:—A cowherd marries a water-sprite, who, it is understood, if he strikes three "causeless blows," will immediately return to her native element. The first blow was administered to the wife for being late in starting for a christening, and the second for laughing at a funeral. This closed the measure of the indulgence granted the husband. Consequently, when he proceeds to administer the third thrashing, the lady having committed the indiscretion of weeping at a wedding, she immediately becomes a water-fairy again. I cannot speak in very high terms of Mr. Evans' verses, though some are unmistakably good. Mr. Parry's music, however, is, though simple, very tuneful, and is acceptable, in that it affords promise of much better things to come. I understand that Londoners will have an early opportunity of hearing the cantata, together with Dr. Parry's "Nebuchadnezzar," to a full orchestral accompaniment, at the St. James's Hall.

SATURDAY "POPS." AT CARDIFF.

The extraordinary success which attended the season of the Cardiff Saturday Popular Concerts just terminated, has been attributed to good management on the part of the conductor, Mr. Jacob Davies, the erstwhile head of the well-known Cardiff Blue Ribbon Choir. If by good management is meant the exact gauging of the public taste, and the engagement of artistes of the first rank, regardless of cost, I concur. To fill the Park Hall, which is capable of accommodating close upon 3000 persons, Saturday after Saturday, is an achievement upon which the *entrepreneur* may be warmly congratulated. It would have been difficult, however, if not impossible, for Mr. Davies to have achieved such a result single-handed; and thanks are equally due to his talented daughter, Madame Clara Novello Davies; the Cardiff Choral Union, who occupied the orchestra, under Mr. Davies' own baton; and the local artistes who supplied the background, as it were, to the stars of the evening.

NEXT SEASON'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Emboldened by his success, Mr. Davies will be even more venturesome next season, which will extend from 1st November to 21st March—a period of twenty-one weeks. I have been favoured with a list of the engagements Mr. Davies has already concluded. They consist of Mr. Edward Lloyd, Miss Fanny Moody, and Mr. Charles Manners, who will appear together to open the season, and again on 10th January; Signor Foli; Miss McIntyre; Miss Alice Gomez (four times); Madame Clara Samuel; Mrs. Mary Davies; Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, M.A. (twice); Madame Belle Cole; Miss Hope Glenn; Miss Marian M'Kenzie (three times); Mr. Ivor

M'Kay (three times); Herr Wolff, the great violinist; Miss Antoinette Trebelli; Miss Fanny Davies; Miss Ethel Bauer and Master Harold Bauer; Mr. Plunket Greene; Mons. Gillet (violinello); and M. Emil Kreuz (viola). Such enterprise may appear risky; but I doubt not that it will be crowned with abundant success. Mr. Davies tells me that he is about to initiate a novel plan in the disposal of the 500 balcony seats, each of which can be absolutely reserved for the whole series of concerts for a guinea. Twenty-one concerts with such fare at a shilling each is a ridiculously low figure.

A CARDIFF FAVOURITE.

Miss Alice Gomez is essentially the favourite of the Cardiff concert-going people. Since the opening of the last season she has appeared for Mr. Jacob Davies no fewer than five times; and it will be observed that she has been engaged for four of next season's concerts. Frankly, I consider such frequent appearances of any artiste a mistake; but, judging by the wild enthusiasm which greets Miss Gomez every time, the public are not of my way of thinking. "They tell me that it is I who fill the hall every time I come," said Miss Gomez to me the last time she sang in the Welsh metropolis. "I think I shall therefore go in for a benefit on my own account."

SIMS REEVES AT CARDIFF.

"Sims Reeves has arrived." So ran the posters which covered Cardiff's walls a week or two ago. Yes, there was no mistake about it this time. Last year the veteran tenor promised, and—stayed away! But on the 16th April he really appeared at Mr. Jacob Davies' benefit concert at the Park Hall, and delighted a packed audience with his singing. "Tom Bowling" was not a success, but "Come into the garden, Maud," "My Pretty Jane," and "The Bay of Biscay" were sung only as Sims Reeves can sing them. Miss Alice Gomez was in indifferent voice, but Mr. Ffrangcon Davies created quite a furore. His magnificent singing was, to my mind, the feature of the concert.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

Interest in the National Eisteddfod is gradually spreading the nearer the date of its holding approaches. I am afraid, though, that it will scarcely rival in success either the Eisteddfod of last year at Brecon or that of 1888 at Wrexham. Bangor is too far north and too difficult of access for South Wales to be largely represented in the competitions, and, as a result, I anticipate that the Eisteddfod will be practically confined to North Wales. Still, the authorities are working with considerable spirit, and it will not be for lack of endeavour if they fail. They will undoubtedly score if they succeed in inducing Mr. H. M. Stanley to address a monstre gathering of his fellow-Cymry. The musical adjudicators are:—Dr. Roland Rogers, Dr. Joseph Parry, Messrs. John Thomas ("Pencerdd-Gwalia"), D. Emlyn Evans, and William Davies (Oxford). I know of no South Wales Choir that at present intends to compete for the chief choral prize of £130. They consider that the game is scarcely worth the candle.

A WEEK OF WELSH OPERA.

Dr. Joseph Parry's opera, "Blodwen," will occupy the boards of the Cardiff Theatre Royal for a week in June. Welshmen are anticipating the experiment with considerable interest. Dr. Parry will himself conduct the performances. Mr. John Williams ("Llew Ebbwy"), who has been associated with Dr. Parry in many enterprises, was to have prepared and conducted the choruses, but when the deacons of Ebenezer Chapel, Cardiff, of the choir of which place he is conductor, got wind of the affair, there was a nice little rumpus, and to save his soul "Llew Ebbwy" has had to relinquish the theatrical baton.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL." AT ABERDARE.

It was a happy notion of the Aberdare Glee and Operatic Society to attempt opera, but they might, I think, have adopted something a little more ambitious than Balfe's evergreen "Bohemian Girl," which they gave nightly during Easter week at Aberdare, Pontypridd, and Merthyr. Throughout, the performances were eminently successful, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The principals were professionals specially engaged. They included

Madame Alice Barth (Arlene), Madame Lucy Franklein (the Queen), Mr. Francis Gaynor (Thaddeus), Mr. David Hughes, R.A.M. (the Count), Mr. Campbell Bishop (Devilshoof), and Mr. J. E. Deacon, Cardiff (Floresheim). Mr. Bishop, both in his acting and singing, was a decided success. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Dan Jones, played exceedingly well. Of the singing of the chorus I cannot speak too highly, but of the acting—well, what can I say? It was, so I hear from a friend, as if a group of marionettes occupied the stage. A clap of the hands is heard behind the scenes, and immediately each member of the chorus springs his right hand aloft, while the left is pressed against the fourth rib! Another clap, and the left hand points forward, while the right hangs down as if it was a bit ashamed of itself! Then there was the glorious Welsh accent. What a spectacle for the gods to see a spruce Bohemian officer stepping forward and asking of a gipsy, in a tone strongly suggestive of Treorky or Rhosllanerchrugog, "Look you, have you seen any one pass this way; any stranger, I was meaning?"

Grace Notes.

FROM SIR JOHN STAINER'S LECTURE IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE.

GRADUALLY, from pit to gallery, the sober Lenten-coloured crowd shifts and settles to its anchor. There are no footlights on the platform—the sun's topaz embassy creeps through the chinks of the half-drawn blinds—and the chairs of the absent orchestra huddle vacantly together beneath the silent organ. A complacent hum, full of bustling exclamation-points and human interjections, pervades the socially contrasting crowd, which, as it slowly masses—head over head—begins to look very much alike.

Then the door opens to admit a grey-headed Scholar in his college gown, whose dark, searching eyes glance quickly round, taking in his audience, as he stands awaiting the immediate stillness that falls as if it is compelled. He is not in appearance a foregone musical conclusion; except in the high massive forehead and the clear tones of his pleasant voice. In quiet homely phrases he begins to talk of Schumann and his songs, and his words are interrupted, only verified, by the tender German snatches from the great composer, which are sung at intervals as illustrations.

It is the anniversary of that other day, thirty-six years ago, when Schumann threw himself into the Rhine. Briefly the lecturer touches on the intellectual vein flowing in his music, and points out the influence of the one deep attachment of his life on its emotional character. And throughout all the great lecture-hall a quick, strange quiver answers him—it is only the turning of a thousand programmes!

He speaks of musical analysis, not of the complicated caps and wheels of harmony, but of the simple recognition of constituent rhythm—simple yet evasive from its very formlessness. He calls it the continual balancing of recurrent "Swings." In all well-constructed songs the clearness of the outline of this metre is carefully preserved, although hymn tunes, being simplest in dissection, are preferable for trial trips. Tallis's Canon is self-evident as an illustration, if slightly unusual in the three outward swings of its rhythmic pendulum before a return impetus. In dissecting Schumann's often figured passages, where the harmony is broken into ripples, these swings are more illusive, but always traceable. The Lecturer, with a kindly twinkle in his eye, goes on to say, that, should any one be unhappily overtaken by the prevalent mania for ballad-writing, a compass of only one octave for the voice is much to be commended;—a caution which Schumann's merciflessness on his sopranos renders *à propos*. Another fact of interest to pianists is that Schumann's songs are often not merely an air and an accompaniment, but duets, depending for interpretation quite as much on the pianoforte as on the vocal instrument. . . . A satisfactory division, did you say? Well, that depends upon the pianist!

VIOLET CECIL.

À Quatre Mains.

BY ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD, MUS. DOG.,
T.C.T., F.C.O., L.MUS., T.C.L.

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II. Duets for Two Pianos (Four Hands).

LIKE the pianoforte duet, this beautiful species of musical performance, although increasing in public favour, has by no means received the attention it deserves. However, owing to the employment of two instruments, the objection as to limited space cannot here be maintained, yet objections on the ground of excessive sonority and lack of *timbre* have been frequently urged against the duet for two pianos by the less thoughtful section of the musical public. The first objection has been already answered when speaking of the pianoforte duet, and the second can only be met, as before, with the statement that a composer when writing for two instruments of similar *timbre* would, for the producing of effects, rely upon other features than those of contrasted tone-colour. Hence it is that the facility afforded by a duet for two pianos for the production of effective imitations has been readily recognised and extensively used by all composers of note who have favoured us with specimens of this effective variety of pianoforte playing. In fact, the only real difficulty—the question of performers apart—in performing a duet for two pianos in the domestic circle, or away from the platform of a concert-room, is the difficulty experienced in finding in the same room or building two pianos similar in quality and pitch.

For lack of conclusive evidence to the contrary, the first duet for two pianos appears to have been written by Johann Christian Bach (1735–1782), Op. 15, No. 6, to whom we have already alluded as the composer of some of the earliest pianoforte duets.

M. Gustave Choquet, the keeper of the Museum of the Paris Conservatoire, with pardonable patriotism claims for his fellow-countryman, Louis Emmanuel Jadin (1768–1853), the honour of being the first to write for two pianos; but the claim can scarcely be substantiated in the face of the statements we have just advanced.

An additional reason for regarding Christian Bach as the first composer of a legitimate duet for two pianos or harpsichords is the fact that his father, the great Sebastian, had long before composed three concertos for two pianos, two for three pianos, and one for four pianos. Bach's *Art of Fugue* also contains two fugues for two pianos, but these were merely written as specimens of theoretical studies, and not intended for public performance; while the concertos, as their name implies, had all accompaniments of orchestral instruments, in this case strings.

Mozart, however, has left us one of his most melodious inspirations in the beautiful Duet in D for two pianos, a work which abounds in imitative passages of great beauty. A Fugue in C minor, afterwards arranged by the composer as a string quartet, and a Concerto in E♭ (1780), were also composed for two pianos by Mozart, who left fragments of three other unfinished sonatas for the same instruments. The E♭ Concerto was performed on May 3rd, 1862, in the Crystal Palace, by Sir Charles Hallé and Stephen Heller. Mozart also left a concerto for three pianos. For two pianos Clementi has written a short but interesting Sonata in B♭, the Adagio of which is particularly pleasing; while from the facile pen of Dussek we have a Sonata in E♭, Op. 38; a Concerto in B♭, Op. 63; and two easy duos without opus number. Eberl and Kalkbrenner have left specimens of the concerto for two pianos, and for the same instruments there are included among the works of Cipriani Potter a grand Duo, Op. 6, together with a Fantasia and Fugue.

Ignaz Moscheles was the composer of that justly celebrated Duo, "Hommage à Handel," which was written in London in 1822, and performed there by the composer and J. B. Cramer.

Mendelssohn, however, appears to have treated the duet for two pianos with even scantier courtesy than the pianoforte duet, at least as far as his published works are concerned. These contain no

composition whatever for two pianos, but among the composer's unpublished MSS., deposited in the Library at Berlin, are two concertos for two pianos, a sufficient proof that Mendelssohn was not ignorant of the effect to be produced by the form now under discussion.

Chopin (1809–1849) and Schumann have each left us one example of the duet for two pianos. From the pen of the former composer we have the beautiful (posthumous) Rondo in C, Op. 73, a work which from a harmonic standpoint is remarkably clear and intelligible, forming somewhat of a contrast to some other of Chopin's works, particularly those produced during his latter years. Schumann has contributed the Andante and Variations in B♭, Op. 46, a work which betrays the personality of its composer upon the first hearing. The prolific Raff has also left us a Chaconne in A minor, Op. 150, together with a Phantasie in G minor, Op. 207a.

Dr. Ferdinand von Hiller (1811–1885), of Cologne, was the composer of a grand Duo in G minor, Op. 135.

Our notice of the productions of contemporary composers must of necessity be limited. The Duo Concertant in G, Op. 4, by E. C. Stephens (born 1821), and the Grand Duo in E minor by Dr. C. H. Parry, afford no small evidence of the power evinced by the composers of England and the Principality of holding their own in the most varied fields of musical composition. And to these may be added an Andante, Canon, and Fugue for two pianofortes, composed by Dr. Horton Allison, of Manchester, and performed by the composer and the late W. H. Holmes at the Hanover Square Rooms, July 8th, 1865. Otto Goldschmidt (born 1829), the husband of the lamented Jenny Lind, has composed a Duet in E♭, Op. 22, which was "written for, and first performed at Sir Julius Benedict's Concert in June 1871, at the Floral Hall, Covent Garden Theatre." Carl Reinecke is the composer of several excellent duets for two pianos, including an Impromptu on a theme from Schumann's "Manfred," Op. 66; "La belle Griselidis," Op. 94; and an Improvvisa on a Gavotte of Gluck, Op. 125. In the latter part of this remarkable work the composer has introduced the melody of the gavotte simultaneously with the musette from Bach's third English suite. Other important works are Ernst Rudorff's Variations, Op. 1; Rubinstein's Fantasia, Op. 73; and Saint-Saëns' thirty-five Variations on a theme of Beethoven.

Many modern composers, especially those of the German school, have arranged several of their more important orchestral productions as duets for two pianos. Several symphonies, etc., of the older masters have also been similarly treated. In fact, arranged in this manner, orchestral works are interpreted with far greater effect and with considerable less sacrifice of detail than when arranged for pianoforte duet.

Special mention, however, must be made of the arrangements of Franz Liszt for two pianos *à quatre mains*. These arrangements include about nine of Liszt's orchestral works, an arrangement of Beethoven's Ninth (Choral) Symphony, and a set of concert variations on a March in "I Puritani."

For two pianos (eight hands, four performers), there also exists a large quantity of arrangements of important works, modern and otherwise, mostly orchestral, but few, if any, original compositions. A somewhat abnormal combination is that of eight pianofortes (thirty-two hands, sixteen performers), for which Czerny has arranged the Overtures to *Sémiramide* and *William Tell*. Probably the only example of an original composition for the same number of instruments and performers is a Caprice Concertant by W. Coenen (Novello & Co.). This piece was performed in the Albert Hall on October 8th, 1888, by forty-eight young lady students of the Guildhall School of Music, on twenty-four grand pianofortes. The material obstacles which beset the rendering of such works as these is a certain drawback to their popularity. Their effect, too, is by no means proportionate to the extent of the means employed in their performance.

Finally, we cannot but regret that our great performers do not consent to forego personal *clat* and combine for the performance of compositions *à quatre mains*, in the form of pianoforte duets, or duets for

two pianos. We venture to think that such a species of entertainment would be quite as enjoyable as a legitimate pianoforte recital, save to such as prefer the morbid excitement furnished by the eccentricities of a popular performer to the healthy intellectual pleasure derived from the intelligent reading of a noble composition. Musical history affords abundant precedents for the performances of high-class compositions *à quatre mains* by celebrated composers and artistes. We have already alluded to the performance of Mendelssohn's Andante and Variations in B♭, Op. 83a, by the composer and Sir W. S. Bennett; Mozart's E♭ Concerto for two pianos by Stephen Heller and Sir Charles Hallé; and Moscheles' "Hommage à Handel" by the composer and J. B. Cramer. Besides these, Henri Herz played duets with both Cramer and Moscheles during his (Herz's) visit to London in 1833; while Madame Clara Schumann made her *début* in the year 1828 at a concert, during the course of which she played with Emilie Reinhold a set of variations *à quatre mains* by Kalkbrenner on the March from Rossini's "Mosè." In after years the same gifted pianist was associated with Liszt in one of his arrangements for two pianos. Doubtless other instances of public performances of four-handed compositions by celebrated artistes could be mentioned, but these must suffice for the present, with the exception of a notable performance given by Rubinstein and Madame Sophie Menter, at Willis's Rooms, on the 1st of July 1881, when were performed Rubinstein's Fantasia, Op. 73, for two pianos, and his "Bal Costume" for pianoforte duet, to both of which works reference has already been made. One of our leading musical journals described the recital as "one of the most remarkable *réunions* of a season destined to take historic rank." If so great a success, why has the example received no imitation? Surely a duet recital would be an admirable medium for a successful teacher to display the powers of his most promising pupils. As we have just remarked, it was in this manner that Madame Schumann made her first appearance in public. The absence of performances *à quatre mains* cannot be altogether due to absence of public appreciation. Let us hope it is not due to the presence of professional jealousy. That would indeed be a lamentable conclusion of the whole matter. But on the other hand, with the increased appreciation and repeated performances of four-handed compositions, there would come a demand for an increased supply of such works,—a demand which our modern English composers would be quite able and willing to supply. In the composition and performance of the duet for two pianos and the pianoforte duet of the future there lies a wide field for the exercise of creative and executive talent. Who will be among the first to fill it?

THE season of German Opera in New York opened with a performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." Herr Reichmann made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House as the Holländer, and created a very favourable impression. Frl. Wiesner was the Senta, and Herr Fischer the Daland. The second performance was of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," with Frl. Lehmann in the title-role, supported by Herr Perotti and Herr Beck.

THE New York *Musical Courier* kindly says:—"The following paragraph is taken from the Metropolitan Opera House programme, and from where the compiler took it we don't know, but it corresponds so much with our own ideas of the English as a musical, or rather an unmusical nation, that we feel tempted to reproduce it:—

"Rubinstein detests Bismark and Wagner, insisting that in the political and artistic world respectively they have subverted all the ideals. He says that 'musical creativeness seems to have died out with the last wonderful strains of Chopin.' He thinks, moreover, that noble and serious music is appreciated only in Germany. 'If we place the number of musical persons in Germany at 50 per cent. of the population, then France has only 16 per cent., and England not more than 2 per cent. Notwithstanding the hospitality with which I have been received in England, I say frankly that for music they have neither feeling nor understanding.'"

Foreign Notes.

THE sixty-seventh Lower Rhine Festival will take place at Düsseldorf, beginning on May 25, and is to be conducted by Herr Richter, assisted by Herr Julius Butts. Among the works to be executed are Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the first part (Spring) of Haydn's "Seasons," a Whitsun Cantata by Bach, the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, and Schumann's second, in C major, with overtures by Cherubini, Beethoven, and Wagner. Brahms' "Rhapsodie," with alto solo, is apparently the only important work by a living composer. Among the artists are to be Frä. Pia v. Sicherer, Hermine Spies, and MM. Gudehus, Litzinger, and Perron.

REINTHALER'S opera, "Käthchen v. Heilbronn," originally produced at Frankfurt on December 7, 1881, has just been brought out at the Berlin Opera House, with apparently no very great success. The opera is derived from the play by H. v. Kleist, which was so admirably performed in London in 1881 by the Meiningen theatrical company. Herr Reintaler has been heard here as a musician through his oratorio, "Jephtha and his Daughter," which was performed in 1856 at the old St. Martin's Hall, under Mr. Hullah; but the work made no lasting impression, and is now almost forgotten.

An interesting revival at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, was that of the famous "Dorfbärber" ("The Village Barber"), by Joh. Schenk (born 1761), which, since 1796, at the old Opera House, has had some popularity at suburban and provincial theatres. The "Dorfbärber" was succeeded by another "old" novelty, "Das Pensionat," one of Suppé's best and most popular operettas, first time at the same house. Considerable interest likewise attached to the revival of Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," a work deserving a wider recognition than it has so far secured.

THE French Minister of the Fine Arts has ratified the choice of the Institut des Beaux-Arts, and nominated M. Bourgaud-Ducoudray to write a work in one or two acts, to be performed at the Grand Opera next year. Much will now depend on the composer, who has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of a learned rather than a popular musician. If his work succeeds, we shall no doubt hear much of the advantage of a subventioned theatre, and an authority independent of professional cliques and theatrical intrigues. But if it should not be a success?—then we may well sympathize with the Minister, as well as with the composer.

AN innovation in the placing of the orchestra, inaugurated at the first "Ascanio" performances at the Paris Grand Opera House, consists in making all the players face the audience, instead of playing partially toward the stage and partially toward the audience. The conductor's stand is placed at the point farthest removed from the stage, and he, of course, turns his back toward the audience; but as he is in front of all his forces he is not obliged, as is so often the case now in our operatic performances, to turn partially or wholly around to make musicians aware of his intentions. We doubt not that the experiment proved a success.

A BRILLIANT operatic season has just been closed at Ghent with the production in a most satisfactory manner of "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Walküre." We also read of the performance at one of the Conservatoire concerts in that city of what would seem to be a rather remarkable symphony, by M. Adolphe Samuel. In this work, the form of which is described as that of the classic sonata, the principal themes of the four movements pervade the whole work, and are treated as *leit-motifs*. The programme of the sym-

phony is a sort of History of Humanity. Thus the first movement, entitled "Genesis" (Chaos?), is an *adagio-allegro-tumultuoso*, and leads to "Eden," an *andante quasi adagio*. The third part is a *presto guerriero*, entitled "Cain," and is followed by an *allegro maestoso*, which represents the glorious triumph of Goodness, Light, and Truth! Truly an imposing programme, which might well stagger even a Berlioz.

A REGULAR spring season of English grand opera will be given at the Grand Opera House, New York, beginning Monday, May 26, by what is to be hereafter known as the Grand Opera House Opera Company. The operas to be sung are Flotow's "Martha," Gounod's "Faust," Bizet's "Carmen," Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," Verdi's "Il Trovatore," Wallace's "Maritana," and Balfe's spectacular opera "The Enchantress."

A BACH Society is at last going to be founded in Vienna, if Dr. Franz Marschner and his coadjutors can bring it to pass. Hitherto the works of the great Leipzig cantor have only come to a hearing in Vienna either by performances in private, or through occasional performances at long intervals, and after much trouble in preparation. Brahms, during his residence in Vienna, was most active in the cause, but his efforts, until now, do not seem to have produced much effect. It is to be hoped that his successors will be more fortunate.

A NEW society has been formed in Berlin under the title of "Free Musical Union," the object of whose meetings is one well worthy of imitation in this and other cities; it is for the performance of newly published or manuscript works of young authors who would not otherwise gain a ready public hearing. The members' fees are utilized for the purpose of paying for the orchestra, soloists, renting of the hall and other incidental expenses, and a committee of members decides by ballot which of the works sent in for performance by the authors is worthy of the honour or not. Provided this latter committee is an impartial and efficient one, the "Free Musical Union" is an excellent new organization.

AT the Opera House of Prague, having finished with the Wagner cycle, they propose to revive Rubinstein's "Die Kinder der Haide," the earliest of Rubinstein's operas which was played outside Russia, it having been brought out at Vienna in 1861. What is there about Prague which makes it a place of such remarkable musical enterprise?

A NEW singer, Fräulein Brüning, who has just finished her studies at the Dresden Conservatoire, made her *début* at the Royal Court Theatre in that town as Gretchen in Gounod's "Faust." She had such a success that she at once received subsequent engagements for the same house. Perhaps we may some day hear her in England.

THOSE who are interested in the music of certain Oriental races will hear with pleasure that General Annenkoff has organized a concert party consisting of seventy singers, natives of Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara, who are to give performances in St. Petersburg and other European capitals. This tour ought to be a great success, inasmuch as the profits are to go towards founding schools and hospitals in Central Asia. The director of the concerts is to be a gentleman whose name, as near as we can give it at present, is Ak-Jouchlai-Ogli.

ACCORDING to some authorities, the University of Prague has conferred on Herr Dvorák the title of Honorary Doctor of Laws. Others say that the University, in view of the great reputation of some late and living Bohemian composers, is seeking to acquire the power to confer the degree of Doctor of Music, and that if this is accomplished the degree

will then be conferred on Herr Dvorák. We imagine that the composer would greatly prefer this course.

THE fourth German "Sängerbund" Festival, which is to take place at Vienna in the middle of August, ought to be a most imposing and interesting ceremony, for we read that no less than 500 Gesangvereine will take part in it, and the total number of voices is expected to be about 12,000. There is to be a grand procession from the Rathausplatz to the Prater, but what the musical part of the ceremony is to consist of, our authority does not say. If it does not prove so large as to be unmanageable, a chorus of 12,000 voices ought to produce an incomparable effect.

THE LATEST TENOR DISCOVERY.—Bruno Heydrich is the name of the latest tenor of whom much is expected. He has been hitherto a member of the Dresden orchestra, but his voice was discovered by Manager Staegemann, of the Dresden Court Opera House, and he engaged the young man for heroic tenor parts, with a contract for five years and at a yearly increasing remuneration. Flattering for the young artist is also the fact that the management of the Bayreuth Festival performances have asked him to study the part of Tannhäuser with a view to have him sing it at next year's representations. Max Alvary and Winkelmann, of Vienna, are also named as Tannhäuser impersonators for Bayreuth next summer, and the latter will moreover be heard also as Parsifal.

HERR CARL HILL, the famous German baritone, and one of the very best representatives of some of Wagner's characters, has retired from the stage after twenty-two years of dramatic activity. He was the original Alberich at Bayreuth in 1876, and his admirable performance of this most difficult and ungrateful part extorted the composer's warmest praise. Hill himself preferred to act parts of a more genial type, such as Wolfram and Hans Sachs, but the Dutchman was generally considered his finest performance. He sang at most of the Wagner concerts given at the Albert Hall in 1877, and was greatly admired for his fine voice and broad, finished, and most intelligent style of singing. He had also a very great reputation as a concert and oratorio singer.

THE latest invention of musical Germany is a mechanical conductor, a figure which beats the time with mathematical accuracy at any tempo that may be desired. But is not this a rather superfluous invention? We have conductors amongst us already who can do this, and nothing else. Nevertheless, we might recommend it to certain amateur orchestras. It would help to keep them up to time, and at the same time spare them the control of a real conductor.

THE Bishop of Haarlem has forbidden the performance of Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust" in that city on the occasion of the forthcoming Musikfest, and the performance will therefore take place at Amsterdam, under the direction of Dr. Viotta. Is the bigotry of Puritanism going to survive that of Catholicism? and when will this ignoble persecution come to an end?

THE marriage of Miss Rose Fay, sister of Miss Amy Fay, pianist and litterateur, with the celebrated American conductor, Theodore Thomas, will take place on May 12.

NIKITA, whose business affairs are now in the hands of M. Le Roy, *vice* M. Strakosch, is at present engaged in making a grand concert tour in Russia. Between 17th February and 10th May she will have given concerts in no less than thirty-one towns, including St. Petersburg, Riga, Varsovie, Kieff, Odessa, and Sebastopol. Next autumn Nikita will sing in opera at Berlin, and later will make a grand tour through Germany, Austria, and Bavaria.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Musical Notes.

—:o:—

ON Thursday, March 20, was given, in the Assembly Rooms, Westgate, the last concert of the Chamber Music Society's season. The famous quartette, — Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, — together with the celebrated pianiste Miss Fanny Davies, and so charming a vocalist as Miss Marguerite Hall, formed a combination that put the musical population of Newcastle into a flutter long before the time of the concert; the consequence being, that on the evening of the concert, in spite of the most inclement weather, the elegant hall was filled with a very large and brilliant audience.

Every one knew it was to be a night of enjoyment, and came with happy looks of joyful expectancy upon their faces. The motto of the Society —

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears" —

was beautifully befitting such a happy occasion. It was a night when one would have liked to lie with eyes closed, and, intoxicated with the glorious strains of music, blissfully dream away existence. The programme was as follows: —

- String Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, *Beethoven*.
Song, "Les adieux de l'Hôte de l'Arabe," *Bizet*.
Solo, Violoncello, "Abend Lied," *Schumann*.
Solo, Pianoforte { (a) Romance in D minor, *Schumann*.
(b) Etude in C minor, Op. 25, No. 7, *Chopin*.
(c) Gnomes, *Liszt*.
Solo, Violin — Adagio in E minor from 11th Concerto, *Spohr*.
Song { (a) "To Sappho," *Mary Carmichael*.
(b) "O mistress mine,"
Quintet to Pianoforte and Strings in E flat, Op. 44, *Schumann*.

Remarks upon the performance are superfluous; indeed, our humble pen could not adequately do justice to such true musicians. The concert was a memorable one, and adds to the splendid reputation which the Chamber Music Society has for bringing to Newcastle famous exponents of the divine art.

We look forward to future seasons, when we hope again to have many such treats as this in store for us.

The Newcastle Amateur Choral Society gave their second invitation concert of the season in the Town Hall on April 11. There was a large audience. The programme was of a miscellaneous character, comprising selections from "Traviata," "Maritana," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Massaniello," etc. — the soloists being Madame Clara Samuelli (soprano), Miss Catherine Bellas (contralto), Mr. Charles Bevan (tenor), Mr. Henry Pope (bass), Mr. J. H. Beers (solo violin), and Herr Oscar Cohen (solo pianoforte). Madame Clara Samuelli sang with her usual excellent taste. She was decidedly at her best in Gounod's "Quand tu Chantes." It was sweetly sung, and the violin obligato was most tastefully played by Mr. J. H. Beers.

It was a pity that the contralto had not chosen more suitable songs for her rendering of Gounod's lovely little romance from "Faust;" and also of "Alas, those chimies!" from "Maritana," was not artistic.

Mr. Pope was in good form, his best contributions being Blumenthal's "Thy Fate," and Mozart's "Now your days of philandering are o'er" ("Nozze di Figaro").

Mr. Oscar Cohen at the pianoforte would have been heard to greater advantage in a much smaller room.

Mr. Beers gave an excellent rendering of MacKenzie's violin solo "Benedictus."

The Choir have improved considerably since their last concert, but should watch the conductor's baton much more than they do. Were they to do this, the effect would be a great deal better, for the quality of the voices is good. Part-songs should not, however,

be accompanied, especially by piano and full orchestra: the beauty of Gaul's "Silent Land" was entirely lost by the accompaniment being played. It is a pity the Society confine themselves to Operatic music which was written for the stage, not for the concert platform.

F. T.

Patents.

—:o:—

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 4,002. Improvements in music-stands. David Fruman. March 14th.
4,006. The folding of violin and other similar bows. George Adolphus Chanot. March 14th.
4,143. Improvements in piano levers. Francis Bryan Boyes. March 17th.
4,270. New or improved musical instrument. Emil Kohn, 4 Moorfields, London. March 19th.
4,317. Improved means for fixing the skins of banjos, drums, and other similar instruments. Elijah Cherry. March 20th.
4,494. A musical instrument. Harry Sebastian Halford. March 22nd.
4,525. Improved fingering device for guitars and other string instruments. William Wilson Horn (William E. Page and Edward Foster Swift, United States). March 22nd.
4,720. Improvements in pianoforte actions. Wm. Glen Evestaff, William Evestaff, and Frederick Charles Evestaff. March 26th.
4,812. Improvements in apparatus for appliances for turning over music or other leaves. James Hall Baseby. March 27th.
4,875. Improvements in means or devices for tuning pianofortes or the like stringed musical instruments. James Yate Johnson. March 28th.
5,020. Improvements in reed organs or vocalions and like musical instruments. James Baillie Hamilton. March 31st.

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Trade Notes.

—:o:—

In a recent number of *The London and Provincial Trades Review* it is remarked that "it will be directly to the interests of the British manufacturer to exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago. The trade with America is indeed now fast opening up. Although the best American manufacturers will always hold their ground, European pianos are gradually and very rapidly being introduced on the American market. At present the bulk of these pianos are German, but there is no reason why English makers should not share in the business."

APROPPOS of the above paragraph, an American contemporary observes: —

"I think there is every reason why the English piano will never be sold here. It is about the worst specimen of a piano made to-day, not excepting Broadwood's xylophones. The instruments are built on the plan of fifty years ago, many have flat scales, not overstrung (some English piano makers seem to think that there is a law in Leviticus against the overstrung system), the tone is thin (the stringing is very light, à la mandolin), and the whole structure is the result of a narrow-minded, conservative policy. The German makers have gone right into Britain and driven the English piano out of the field."

What ghost of a chance has an English piano here? If the whole duty be removed, they could not sold here."

MR. WILLIAM STEINWAY'S munificent subscription of \$20,000 to the Chicago World's Fair has been widely commented on by the press throughout the country as an evidence of the splendid manner in which this public-spirited citizen acts on such occasions.

The firm of Lyon, Potter, & Co., of Chicago, of which Mr. William Steinway is president, has also subscribed \$5000.

A *History of the American Pianoforte* has just been brought out by Daniel Spillane (New York). This book is advertised as "The Bible of the Trade," but the critics appear to be of a different opinion. One of the latter remarks, in the language peculiar to American journalism: —

"The book has absolutely no value as a standard work or a book of reference, but is at best but a laboured compilation of more or less unreliable data, served to suit the egoism or commercial purposes of the advertisers, whose patronage enabled the author or compiler to place his opinions, saturated with advertisingunction, upon the market."

In the House of Commons, on 2nd April, Dr. Cameron asked the Secretary to the Treasury under what authority a violin (consigned from Paris to Mr. D. Lawrie, of Glasgow, at the Midland Hotel, St. Pancras), valued at £800, dated 1696, and purporting to be the work of Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, was, on the 25th of March, detained by the Customs authorities at Dover; and whether, as stated by the station-master at Dover in explanation, its detention was due to the fact that in consequence of violins represented as the work of classic makers having been imported, consignees of such instruments were now required to state whether the imported article was for private use or sale, and if for sale, to prove the accuracy of the date and name on the label before the instruments were given up by the Customs; whether the violin would be delivered to Mr. Lawrie without further delay.

Mr. Jackson. The question appeared on the paper only this morning; but I have been able to ascertain that this violin was imported at Dover as described by the hon. member. It was declared to be of the value of £800, and it was detained. On the 28th of March a letter was received from Mr. David Lawrie stating that the violin was his own property and was intended for his own use. Upon that statement directions were given for its delivery to him, and it has, I believe, been delivered.

Dr. Cameron. Is it the fact that if a violin is declared to be for sale, it is stopped unless the signature on it can be verified?

Mr. Jackson. I have not been able to obtain information in answer to this question.

THE above question is of importance both to dealers and buyers. If it is decided that instruments intended for sale can be stopped until the accuracy of the name and date be proved, it is only natural to suppose that experienced experts will be retained by the Customs authorities. But then experts, like doctors, are apt to disagree.

SOME further particulars regarding the plush-covered "Regal" pianos, brought out by the Smith American Organ Company, have come to hand. The following "highly important results" are claimed for the new invention: —

- 1st. A pure, liquid tone, intensely musical in its character.
- 2nd. An instrument whose exterior is one of elegance and exquisite beauty, unrivalled, unsurpassed.
- 3rd. A substantial, protective covering, shielding from moisture or defacement.
- 4th. A retention of tone quality, as harder hammer may be used without deterioration consequent upon age or long usage.
- 5th. An exterior whose finish or covering is not

subject to accidental marring or defacements, either by cracking or atmospheric changes.

6th. An instrument whose external appearance may at any time be changed to suit taste or surroundings without detriment or impairing its musical qualities.

A CLASSICAL nomenclature has been adopted in the naming of the various tints or colours of plush, and they are denominated as follows:—

<i>Apollo</i> , Old Gold or Crimson.	<i>Iantha</i> , Pink (Pale Rose).
<i>Etruria</i> , Gold. (Maltese.)	<i>Idalia</i> , Blue (Pale or Azure).
<i>Arion</i> , Ruby or Mahogany.	<i>Vestal</i> , "Bridal, Souvenir" (White, Pink trimming).
<i>Hesperian</i> , Black (Gold or Crimson trimming).	<i>Hestia</i> , Green (Olive).
<i>Elysian</i> , White (Cream Colour).	

ANOTHER new departure in pianoforte manufacture is a leather-covered piano for the library. The inventor must have been thoroughly convinced of the truth of the good old saying, "There's nothing like leather."

THE closing of Steinway Hall, New York, as a place of artistic entertainment, is imminent. The space is required for Messrs. Steinway's store-rooms in consequence of their increasing business, and to this purpose it will be devoted after May 1. The changes in the building will involve a cost of about \$50,000. Four new floors will be built on the area of the hall and two additional storeys will be placed on the building. Besides the pecuniary loss which the hall involved (about \$20,000 a year), its management required an outlay of time which had become very burdensome. Many charitable institutions will regret to hear of the closing of the hall; for Mr. Steinway's generous impulses often led him to give them the use of the building at reduced rates or gratuitously.

Accidental.

—:o:—

TEACHERS of music and other interested parties would do well to watch the course of the proposed "Teachers' Registration Bill," which, although shunted for one or two sessions, is about again to be introduced to Parliament. The present Bill is rather less drastic than some of its predecessors, but it nevertheless contains some extraordinary provisions. The charge of £5 for the registration of each teacher, for example, is extravagant and, considering that teachers are by no means an opulent body, almost extortionate. The punishment for offences under the Act is also far too heavy. It may possibly be necessary to inflict twelve months' imprisonment upon any one who forges a certificate given under the Act, but to consign to a long term of oakum-picking every silly girl who "by any false representation, whether orally or in writing, procures or attempts to procure herself to be registered under the Act," would be cruel if it were not laughable. Clause 26 likewise imposes a penalty not exceeding £20 upon every person who "falsely pretends that he is registered under the Act or holds a certificate in a higher or other class than that which he actually holds." The meaning of this naive proposal may be gathered by the paragraph which follows, that "all penalties incurred under this section shall be paid to the Council."

It will be interesting to music-lovers of the Old World to observe the taste of their Australian brethren. The Victorian orchestra, headed by Mr. Klein, which gives performances at Sydney and elsewhere, recently issued a plebiscite on the plan adopted by Dr. Von Bülow and Mr. Manns. The voting was very large, and the pieces chosen were Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 4, Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, the

Handel-Hellmesberger Largo, and the prelude to "Lohengrin." The Wagner-lovers seem to be numerous, for at a concert given just before the last mail left, the programme was devoted exclusively to the works of the Bayreuth master.

THE paragraph now going the rounds that Madame Patti is building at Craig-y-Nos Castle a theatre at a cost of £12,000, and that it will be inaugurated in the autumn by Mr. Irving, must be received with a very large pinch of salt. What Madame Patti really is building is a conservatory and winter garden, and even if a stage be erected, it will hardly make this glass and iron erection a theatre. The sum of £12,000 referred to is, of course, nonsense. One-tenth of that amount would be nearer the mark.

THE operatic class at the Guildhall School of Music, the members of which have recently been giving private performances in costume, have so far advanced in proficiency that they intend next month to try a full performance of M. Gounod's "Faust" on a stage to be temporarily erected in the great hall of the City of London School.

MR. HAMISH MACCUNN has accepted a commission from the Executive of the International Exhibition to write a choral work for performance by the Edinburgh Choral Union at the opening ceremony in May. The subject chosen is the 8th Psalm, and the copyright of this important composition has been secured by Messrs. Methven, Simpson, & Co., Edinburgh and Dundee.

THE news that Mr. Ignaz Paderewski has been engaged by Mr. Daniel Mayer for a series of four pianoforte recitals in London next month will be received with considerable interest. Although certain pianists who have been warmly puffed in France have not of late always succeeded in satisfying the more critical requirements of English music-lovers, yet some of Mr. Paderewski's minor pieces have become so popular at pianoforte recitals here that the Polish pianist will assuredly have a sympathetic reception. Mr. Paderewski is a native of Podolia, Poland, and is thirty-one years of age. For five years he was a professor of the pianoforte at the University of Warsaw, where he was educated, but for the past seven years he has supported himself entirely by composition and pianoforte recital tours on the Continent. He is said to be a performer of the ultra-vigorous school.

DR. JOSEPH PARRY'S United Welsh choir will give a Welsh choral concert at St. James's Hall on the 6th prox., when the programme will be devoted to Mr. Haydn Parry's cantata "Gwen," and his father's (Dr. Joseph Parry's) oratorio "Nebuchadnezzar," which was first produced at the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1884. The respective composers will conduct, and the principal artists will be exclusively Welsh. Many of the reserved seats have already been secured by the Welsh residents of London.

THERE will be interesting musical doings at Cambridge next month, when, in lieu of performing a classic drama with incidental modern music, as on previous occasions, the artistic strength of the University will be thrown into a production of Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," with English words. The choice of the committee cannot fail to give satisfaction, and, indeed, much good might be done if many other institutions having the requisite means would from time to time bring out operas which the commercial impresario believes himself constrained to ignore. It is with the lyric stage as with that of the drama pure and simple—only works which appeal to the prevailing taste have a chance, and many a great masterpiece suffers neglect as undeserved as it is inglorious. We may not hope in England for the equivalent of a *Comédie Française* or a *Grand Opéra*, but the private enterprise of amateurs might do much, and the example of Cambridge is one of great force and value. There will be six performances of Gluck's masterpiece, beginning on May 13; Pro-

fessor Stanford will conduct, and the characters of Orpheus, Eurydice, and Eros are assigned respectively to Mrs. Alfred Bovill, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Miss Margaret Davies.

ALL the principal works for the Worcester Musical Festival, which begins September 6 next, have now been settled. They comprise "Elijah," the "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Mozart's "Requiem," the "Creation," Bach's cantata, "A Stronghold Sure," Spohr's "God, Thou art great," Parry's "St. Cecilia," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Lee Williams' Church cantata, "The Last Night at Bethany," and Dr. Bridge's new oratorio, "The Repentance of Nineveh." Among the artists already engaged are Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Damian, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. E. Lloyd.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Plunket Greene has been engaged by Mr. Harris for the forthcoming season of Italian Opera. Mr. Greene will sing only in two rôles. We have not heard in what form the young Irish singer's name will appear in the *offiches*—perhaps it will be "Signor Plunketto di Verde."

MR. VERT has arranged with Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Helen Terry for a series of entertainments having almost unique interest. The two artists will give a reading of "Macbeth," in St. James's Hall, on June 25, with Sullivan's incidental music performed by a full orchestra and chorus. They will also take the reading into the country, appearing at Liverpool on June 3rd, Manchester 4th, Hanley 6th, Bradford 9th, Birmingham 11th, Sheffield 13th, Glasgow 17th, Dundee 19th, and Edinburgh 21st. The London performance thus comes last of all.

A NEW club, called the Ballad Singers, has been formed. A society for the protection of the public against ballad-singers would have been, far more to the purpose.

THAT clever young musician, Mr. W. J. Higgs, who gained various scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now a sub-professor, has been appointed organist of St. Mark's Church, Lewisham.

THE following letter of thanks was written by Madame Arabella Goddard to Mdle. Janotha on the occasion of the benefit concert organized by the latter:—

"My Dear Mdle. Janotha,—I cannot allow this evening to pass without sending you a few words of heartfelt thanks for all your goodness towards me, in taking so much trouble to get up such a *splendid concert*! Will you please tell all the kind friends who have so generously come forward to assist you upon this occasion, how deeply I appreciate all they have done; to each and all I am sincerely grateful.

"The doctor absolutely forbids me putting pen to paper for the present. I only pray that if my life is spared I may meet you to tell you *viva voce* all I cannot write, and give you a 'sister artist's embrace.' I shall be with you in spirit to-morrow evening, and shall pray for all blessings to attend you now and for ever.

"Again thanking you, my dear Mdle. Janotha, I remain, your devoted and ever grateful,

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(DAVISON).

"Mdle. Janotha,"

WE have been interested in reading the annual report of the "F" (Broadwood) Company of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. This company, which appears to be in a high state of efficiency, receives generous support from Messrs. Broadwood & Sons, to whom the committee tender their thanks for donations to the prize fund; also to George Rose, Esq., captain, and to Fred. Rose, Esq., who has acted as treasurer since the company was first raised.

A Novel Keyboard.

THE Berlin pianist, Emil Olbrich, has invented a new keyboard, or, more correctly speaking, has so transformed the old keyboard that a number of the technical difficulties that arise from the change from the upper to the lower keys are removed. The means are at once simple and ingenious. As soon as the thumb is on an upper key, a projection stretching over the upper keys rises on the lower keys at the spot to which the fingers reach. By this, the lower keys at this spot become upper keys, and the upper keys assume the character of lower keys. Every key then has a double function; it can, when needed, be upper or lower, and the free use of the thumb on the upper keys is thus guaranteed.

The scales and consecutive choris can be played in the old way, but entirely new and unique passages can be rendered, as, for example, that of C major, all trills can be played with any pair of fingers you like, all trills of thirds with the crossed fingers 2-3, 1-4, or 1-5, chromatic scales of thirds in one hand executed with 1-3, 2-4, etc. It is easy to see how this renders easy many difficult positions that arise from the necessary omission of the upper keys as far as the thumb is concerned. The inventor goes still further. Compelled by the necessity of allowing the thumb to use the projection, he has prolonged the keyboard a little backward when it is pushed out. On this prolongation he makes the upper keys project, but only to the level of the projection of the lower keys, and thus attains the execution of a chromatic *glissando*, and the easier performance of various chromatic figures. Thus the keyboard is developed from a diatonic to a chromatic one. The invention is legally protected. Curiosity is aroused regarding the first instrument provided with the new keyboard, the construction of which may now be expected.

Plymouth Notes.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Hallé Concert last month was, of course, a distinct success. The cheaper seats were crowded out; and, by the time of commencement, there were not many of the more expensive unoccupied. This was gratifying, as indicating that Plymouthians are not lax in supporting concerts which both demand and nourish musical culture. In point of fact, we have here a public of tastes sufficiently varied to ensure an audience for any kind of musical entertainment—so long as it is good of its kind. There will be large audiences at the theatre if a comic opera is produced with moderate efficiency, with music tuneful and "catchy"; the Guildhall will be crowded to hear an oratorio or cantata adequately rendered, or to hear popular ballads sung by popular singers; while such caterers as Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will always find a hungry multitude eager to feast on the classical fare they provide. Certainly, such a public is heterogeneous enough to appreciate gifts of a most diverse order.

As regards the concert itself, it went off much as usual. There was the usual crowd of musical amateurs, with a sprinkling of professionals, ready for entertainment,—perhaps, readier still for instruction. As heretofore, a large portion of the audience consisted of young ladies engaged in the interesting process of "finishing" their education. They were glad of another opportunity of trying to get at the secret of Lady Hallé's graceful "bowing"—but found the attempt as futile as ever. It is the highest expression of art, and yet so apparently art-less. Perhaps the best lesson to learn is, that there is more in instinct than in drill. Lady Hallé owes much to her wonderful technical skill, but more to her manner, which is so beautifully natural.

CAN anything be said under the heading "criticism"? Not much. Some thought Sir Charles hardly so good as on former occasions—increasing years implying decreasing power. Certainly, a man of Sir Charles's age has no business to retain his skill! There is a law of nature to that effect. But in this case nature has been defied with some success. As to Lady Hallé, if she was weak anywhere, it was in her *pizzicato* passages—so thought some. But these *minutiae* of criticism were not entered into by the bulk of the audience, which, however, was both discriminative and appreciative. There is at these concerts a pleasing absence of that lethargy which characterizes so many classical *matinées*. The two celebrated artists left Plymouth loaded with good wishes for their Australian trip.

THE hall in which the concert took place is located in a very busy, and consequently somewhat noisy, thoroughfare. This caused a quite unlooked-for diversion; for at different times the strains of an inferior brass band and the cry of a street hawker competed with Sir Charles and his wife for the attention of the audience.

Notes from Leeds.

THE Leeds Concert season has now drawn to its close, and the most important event of the last few weeks has been the final concert in the scheme of the Leeds Philharmonic Society, on 20th March. The works given were "The Spectre's Bride" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The performance was a most admirable one. The Society's chorus had had the careful training to which Mr. Alfred Broughton invariably subjects them, and sang, as a result, the highly dramatic passages of Dvorák with certainty and intelligence; showing to greater advantage than in Mr. MacCunn's work. Miss Fillinger, Mr. McKay, and Mr. Andrew Black were responsible for the solo parts, and were joined by Miss Dews in the "Lay." The orchestra was a very fine one, but was allowed repeatedly to overwhelm the soloists, and occasionally even the chorus. Mr. MacCunn's cantata was heard here for the first time, and, although an ill-chosen selection to follow another and more mature work on the same lines, gave pleasure enough to sustain the interest created a year ago by the same composer's "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Mr. Haddock's last concert does not call for much notice, consisting, as it did, almost entirely of work done by the pick of his numerous pupils, of whom about 120 were heard in concert on the strings. It, however, served to show the ability of Mr. Haddock in the dual capacity as teacher and performer of his instrument. Madame Recozchewitz again appeared, and added variety by a couple of songs.

For many years past it has been the custom to perform Bach's Passion ("St. Matthew") during Passion Week, as a service at Leeds Parish Church. This year, however, Gounod's "Redemption" has been substituted, and was sung on March 27 and 31, on each occasion before immense congregations. Dr. Creser conducted with conspicuous care; and Mr. Benton, the Festival organist, represented the orchestra in his accustomed masterly manner. The choir was largely augmented; and the soloists were Miss Lupton, Mrs. Creser, Mrs. Nunn, and Messrs. Blagbro, Browning, and Kennedy. The same work was given on the 28th March, at All Souls' Church, under Mr. Lawrence.

The Leeds Temperance Choral Society gave an excellent concert on March 24, when Dr. Roberts' "Jonah" was first heard in Leeds with a pianoforte (Mr. A. F. Briggs) and organ (Dr. Spark). The solos were rendered by Miss Amy Summersgill, Mrs. Trenam, Mr. D. Williams, and Mr. Eaton Batty.

Dr. Spark has just been made the recipient of yet another testimonial, on this occasion embracing a much wider scope than before. His numerous friends, having subscribed about £200, made the presentation on March 31. This pleasing little cere-

mony was performed by Alderman Emsley, Mayor of Leeds; and, in reply, the doctor sketched his musical connection with these parts from the time he was brought here as the pupil of S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., at one time organist at the Leeds Parish Church.

Answers to Correspondents.

STUDENT.—We know of no analyses of Beethoven's Sonatas, except those in the Popular Concert Programmes, and these, of course, are not exhaustive. Of Bach there are two or three analysed by Dehn, and some in Higg's Primer. The only student's edition of the whole forty-eight Preludes and Fugues is that of Wesley and Horn, in which the entries of the subject and other features are shown by certain marks. It can be bought at Reeves, Fleet Street, and costs, we believe, 15s., or each vol. 7s. 6d.

MISS WINSTONE.—The name of the book you require is Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's "Versuch über die Wahre Art das Clavier zu Spielen Im Gewande und nach den Bedürfnissen unserer zeit neu herausgegeben von Gustav Schilling, Herzberg, verlag von Franz Urohr," 1852. The best chance to obtain the book is to write to the dépôt of all the book trade in Germany. Philipp Reclam, Leipzig, is a very universal house.

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row. Subscriptions and Advertisements to Business Manager, "Magazine of Music," Office, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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GERALD M. LANE.

THEY are standing apart in the shadow,
The others are dancing around,
And her eyes are bright with a tender light,
The joy of a new love found.
All the glittering throng is forgotten,
Alone through love's dream-land they go,
It is but one face his eyes fondly trace,
She hears but his whisper low.

Ah! some may forget, some may regret,
Some may but love for a day;
Some may remember till life's December,
Some must love on for aye.

They are standing alone in the silence,
The flush on her cheek has grown pale;
And 'tis, ah! farewell until who can tell?
For to-morrow his ship sets sail.
"But I will be faithful," she whispers,
"Though years should go by ere we meet;
I ne'er can forget, I ne'er will regret,
And hope shall make waiting sweet."

Ah! some may forget, some may regret,
Some may but love for a day;
Some will remember till life's December,
Some must love on for aye.

He is standing alone in the shadow,
Around is the laughter and song;
The years have rolled past, and now home at last,
Old memories round him throng.
But alas! for the dreams that lie shattered,
The trust of a lifetime betrayed,
By one who for gold was bought and sold,
And faith with unfaith repaid.

Ah! some may forget, some may regret,
Some may but love for a day;
Some will remember till life's December,
Some must love on for aye.

GERALD M. LANE.

In F, G (Compass D to E), and B flat. Price 2s. net.

Printed by Morrison & Gibb, Edinburgh.





Ludwig Hanse

Magazine of Music Supplement, May 1890.

EVENTIDE WALTZ

by

Henry Lonsdale.

Autumn Leaves

by

E. EVELYN BARRON. M.A.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

Words by Rev. Sir H.W. Baker, Bart.

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EVENTIDE.

Waltz.

WALTER HY. LONSDALE.

Introduction.

Allegretto moderato.

f marcato *mf*

ritardando

p

*Ad. ** *Ad. **

Tempo di Waltz.

No 1.

p soave con espressione

1. 2.

Scherzando.

stacc.

1. 2.



D. C.
Engraved & Printed at Leipzig by O. Neumann

Con sentimento e legato.

8

№ 2.



Leggiero.



Introduction.

Nº 3.

pp

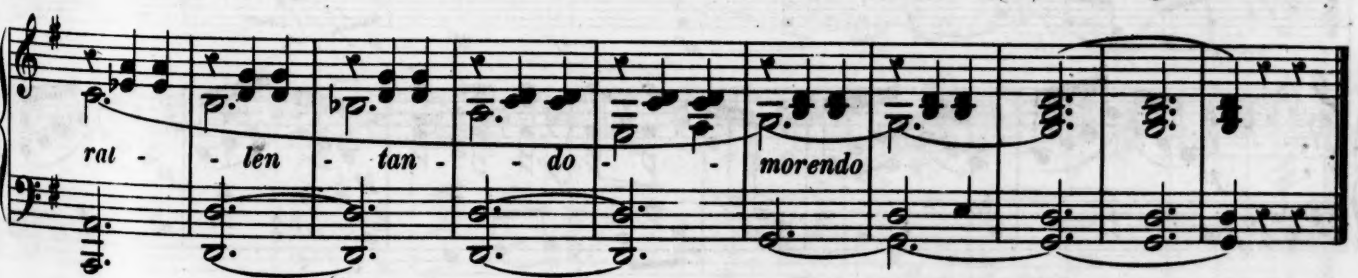
Molto cantabile ed espressivo.

mf

Con abbandano.



Coda.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

E. Evelyn Barron, M.A.

Andantino.

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The musical score for "Autumn Leaves" is presented in five systems. Each system contains a Violin staff and a Piano grand staff. The Violin part begins with a melody in the first system, marked *mf*. The Piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a *mf* dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings (*mf*, *p*, *pp*, *f*). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked Andantino.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation, including a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *pizz.* (pizzicato) marking above it. The bass staff has a *p* (piano) marking below it.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) marking below it. The bass staff has a *p* (piano) marking below it.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *pp* (pianissimo) marking below it. The bass staff has a *pp* (pianissimo) marking below it. An *or* (or) marking is present above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *rit.* (ritardando) marking below it. The bass staff has a *rit.* (ritardando) marking below it.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

WORDS BY
Rev. Sir H.W. BAKER, Bart.

MUSIC BY
LENA WEBB

Andante.

Out of the deep I call to Thee O Lord to Thee Be - fore Thy throne of
 Out of the deep of fear and dread of com - ing shame, From morn - ing watch till

grace I fall. Be mer - ci - ful to me Out of the deep I cry, The
 night is near I plead the pre - cious Name. Lord there is mer - cy now, As

woe - ful deep of sin, Of e - vil done in days gone by of
 ev - er was with Thee Be - fore Thy throne of grace I bow; Be

1. e - vil now with - in. 2. me, Be mer - ci - ful to me.
 mer - ci - ful to rit. rit. e dim.